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See pages 14 and 47





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# Nathaniel Adams

By ISABEL KILCRIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLISH

THERE was no way he could get his mind off Aguecheek. The poor pup had come in that morning with almost half his hide torn off. He, Nathaniel Adams, school-teacher, widower, poet, and dreamer, had done what he could before it was time to leave for school.

"Caterwauling again, sir!" he had said, shocked at the depth of the jagged marks in the tender skin and the great square of raw flesh where the fur had been ripped away.

"Where were you last night? I called and whistled for you for at least a quarter of an hour! Fine thing! Getting yourself into this mess!"

It was almost eight o'clock then, so Aguecheek had had to take his medicine pretty hurriedly. The bark had been bathed in warm water and solution of boric acid, but it had been a struggle, and then he'd rubbed ointment on to the wound.

"There, sir, see if you can turn yourself inside out and lick that off!" Nathaniel Adams had said. And Aguecheek, of course, had immediately obliged. Nathaniel Adams had shut him in the house and gone off to school trembling.

It made no difference that there was a breath of spring in the air. It made no difference that the senior English classes were reading Shakespeare's great tragedies with an occasional sonnet thrown in by way of illustration of Shakespeare's genius and a tribute to the season.

Nicky Smith had just read the line: "Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead," and it had come to Nathaniel Adams' ears muffled. Even Shakespeare was in trouble.

"That will do, Smith," Nathaniel Adams said sourly. "Turn to your textbooks now."

The whole class, he knew, was wondering what was the matter with him. He could hide little or nothing from them. They even knew that he loved them, every one of them, blast their young hides!

He glanced at his watch and fumed and fidgeted. He'd go home to lunch instead of to the cafeteria. He'd see how Aguecheek was getting along.

Aguecheek, it turned out, was doing very well on the thick oriental rug in the hall upon which he was never allowed to lie. Or almost never. He thumped his tail up and down and whined softly, as though he, too, knew what a soft-hearted old fool Nathaniel Adams was, as though he were saying: "I'm sick, I'm wounded; surely you won't put me off now?"

"Humph!" said Nathaniel Adams sourly, "poor boy, does it hurt you much?"

And just at that moment, through the partially open door, with his black tail half-mast, in walked Sir Toby Belch on three legs, miaowing pitifully.

"Now by all that's holy!" Nathaniel Adams said, blood rising hotly under his withered skin in his gaunt face. "I didn't know that war had

*The dress made everything perfect, Nathaniel Adams thought as he watched Mary from the wings.*



been declared! You, too, Sir Toby!"

He glanced at his watch and saw that he had about ten minutes to feed Aguecheek and Sir Toby, to take care of Aguecheek's back and examine Sir Toby's leg.

"I'm not a veterinarian, you know, Toby!" he said, lifting the cat on to his lap, and peering at the injured paw, touching it gently with his long, bony, sensitive fingers.

Sir Toby purred and tried to creep inside his vest, and Nathaniel stroked him absently. He fed them both and put them out, much to their disgust.

"But be here when I come home!" he said, climbing into the car and glaring, exactly as he glared at his classes when he felt an exceeding tenderness for each and every one of the young faces staring up at him.

At times he would see their faces, naked and vulnerable, ready for his words, and he would know that words are like seeds that grow in the dark places of the heart, and he would wonder if he had prepared the soil as he should have, if the ground were rich enough, and what harvest the Lord might reap from the seed that it was his privilege to fling into the young minds and souls waiting before him.

He had some trouble starting the car, since he used it only when he didn't have time to walk. "Miaow!" suggested Sir Toby helpfully, hopping over and rubbing foolishly against the front tyre.

"Miaow, yourself! You nuisance of a cat, get out of the way!" Nathaniel Adams said, managing to back energetically out of the yard, but

keeping the dog and cat in his vision.

As Sir Toby hobbled back, Aguecheek bent and sniffed him curiously from mast to stern as if to make sure he knew him. Then he put out his pink tongue and gave him an affectionate lick.

"Darn pests! What do I keep you for?" Nathaniel Adams sputtered, thinking that Aguecheek couldn't be feeling so very badly if he could take an interest in Sir Toby. "I'd be better off without you!"

It was a pose, of course. He'd lived alone with Sir Toby and Aguecheek ever since his wife, Nancy, had died, and the contentment that flowed into the small house at night was indescribable. They were all good friends.

At first he caught himself apologising to Nancy's shade. He'd even spoken aloud. "I'll feed them in the house just to-night, Nancy. Tomorrow I'll give them their supper in the woodshed."

Aguecheek and Sir Toby were his family, and a fine, loving family they were, too. He was never criticised, he was never corrected, he was never told that he'd better clean his pipe or get a new one.

The only thing that bothered him was that he was beginning to look his age, and sixty-five is not young for a schoolteacher. Although the board was very nice and cordial, and no one ever intimidated by word or gesture that perhaps some day he'd like to resign.

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Page 7



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WPA 5

IT was raining and the phone was ringing and Aguecheek was whining outside the door when Nathaniel Adams arrived home.

"Damn it all, wait a minute!" he said, turning the key in the lock. Sir Toby dashed between his legs, and Aguecheek squeezed past him as he groped towards the phone.

"Hello!" he said, his voice sounding like an unfriendly bark.

"Nat?" He recognised Walter Angers' voice, the Reverend Walter Angers.

"Yes," he said shortly. "That you, Mr. Angers?"

"Yes. Say, Nat, I tried to get you a couple of nights ago, but you were out. The young people are putting on a play in a month or so, 'Daddy Long Legs.' Sissie Dean's directing. We'd like you to be property manager. Can you do it?"

"Why, yes," he said, "I think I can make it."

"Oh, fine, Nat! You might be able to help Sissie out, too. Sissie's good, but two heads are better than one."

"Not when one of 'em's Sissie's!" he said shortly. "I've worked with Sissie before."

He spoke curtly because he was glad they wanted him. Living with Aguecheek and Sir Toby had its advantages as far as peace was concerned, and being with young people all day at the school was the breath of life itself.

But there was also a terrible longing, intensified as he grew older, to be more often with people, to touch their emotions, to give and to get a warmth that might thaw his thinning blood.

As he entered the auditorium that night—a little late since his patients, Aguecheek and Sir Toby, had been exacting and more than ordinarily demanding—Nathaniel Adams' thoughts shaped themselves in Shakespeare's words as his eyes rested on the young girl in the centre of the group on the stage: "Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead."

She was speaking rapidly and heatedly according to Sissie Dean's direction, and the light fell lovingly on her pale hair and white throat. He recognised her as a senior in Miss Peabody's class, Mary Allen.

Walter Angers greeted him, and then he went quietly and sat beside Sissie Dean, who, with flushed face and bright eyes, was watching the young people feverishly.

Sissie fancied herself as a great producer of plays, and no one in Mapleville had ever been cruel enough to disillusion her.

The rehearsals soon fell into

## Nathaniel Adams

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a pattern. He would do whatever Sissie wanted him to; he would then sit quietly and watch the performance with evident interest; but secretly his eyes and attention would be absorbed by Mary Allen.

On the night before the dress rehearsal he noticed her standing at the rickety piano, testing the quality of tone. When at length her fingers wandered into a sad little melody he could listen to nothing else.

She finished, and he called to her from the stage where he was working: "What was that, Mary? What were you playing?"

She hesitated a moment and then her high, sweet voice floated clearly into every corner of the hall so that not a member of the cast failed to hear: "I'll Always Love You," Mr. Adams.

Sissie Dean was the first to laugh, but after that they all followed, even Nathaniel Adams himself, although he knew his bothersome old ears were burning like beacons on the sides of his head.

"Likely story!" he said. "Would you be willing to put it in writing?"

"Of course!" she responded, sweetly gallant, and he finished his work on the stage hastily and went and sat beside Sissie Dean. But the words sang in his heart.

Sissie was impatient. At length, however, with some pushing about and further rearranging of a table and chair, with whispers and commands and a few sharp words, she got them started.

When Mary came to the part where she had to stamp her foot and shout insubordination at the authorities, she did it so realistically and with such terrified defiance in her voice that tears came to Sissie's eyes.

"That's a good thing!" she whispered in the general direction of Nathaniel's ear, "the unrestraint Mary manages to throw into her part. It gives the others confidence and helps them to speak more freely."

Unrestraint, Nathaniel Adams thought; a gem of understatement! Soon, he observed, they were all yelling and abandoning their natural voices, trying to imitate Mary, since Walter Angers had spoken flatteringly after her speech: "That's good, Mary!" he said from the back of the hall, "I can hear every word."

No one seemed to think it funny except Nathaniel Adams, who commented to Sissie that Mr. Angers would certainly have to be stone-deaf not to hear.

Sissie, however, was worried. Bit by bit she told him about it; she and Mr.

Angers had chosen Mary for the part of Judy because obviously she was the one for it. But Mary, whose father was dead and whose mother had to work hard to provide for her two children, was without a wardrobe suitable for the part.

The evening gown particularly bothered Sissie. Mary had told her that she had nothing that would do, and, although Sissie's younger sister was about Mary's size, she was still much older than Mary, and Sissie was afraid the gown would be too sophisticated.

Then there was the delicate question of pride. She didn't feel that she should try to borrow a dress from any member of the cast because she was not sure how Mary would feel about it.

"But to-morrow night," Sissie said, "I'm going to bring along three of my sister's gowns and see what can be done."

At the thought of Mary in borrowed clothes Nathaniel Adams felt a curious irritation. Sissie explained that the part called for quite an elaborate gown, a surprise present from Daddy Long Legs.

AS it turned out, Mr. Adams almost missed the dress rehearsal. That was the night Aguecheek had to pick to come home on three legs, the fourth tucked under his stomach, badly swollen and painful, causing him to whine pitifully.

"Well, sir!" Nathaniel said crossly, "I suppose as long as your back's mended you had to do it! You can't bear to be in good shape for more than five minutes at a time! Let's see the leg, boy."

But Aguecheek was reluctant. He made a great fuss about it, and finally he had to be carried to the car (a tremendous undertaking) and taken ten miles to the veterinarian, where Nathaniel Adams agreed, not too cheerfully, to leave him for at least three days.

So when he finally got to the hall, Walter Angers had swung the curtain for the big scene, the love scene, between Judy and Daddy Long Legs.

Nathaniel Adams caught his breath in disappointment as Mary entered. He should have caught it in surprise and joy, but he was aware of a feeling almost of grief as he watched the slight figure, lost in the folds of an ill-fitting dress.

Somehow it hung wrong, slipped off the shoulders, and made her look almost shoddy. He was tempted to shut his eyes as he saw that Daddy Long Legs, who should have

been all attention, was bored and indifferent. That wouldn't do! That wouldn't do at all!

The lines were good. Daddy Long Legs, a tall, handsome chap, would have been an excellent complement to Mary if he had not been so obviously bored. Walter Angers walked down to the front of the stage.

"Kennay," he said, his voice rasping in the quiet hall, "show more interest! You're in love with Mary, with Judy," he corrected himself.

Nathaniel Adams decided it was all the fault of the dress. And, of course, the young fool was obtuse, too. And yet, he admitted, trying to be fair, no young man gets much of a kick out of looking at a girl who appears to be dressed in her mother's clothes. What a shame! he thought.

It bothered him. He thought about it in the morning as he warmed Sir Toby's milk. He thought about it walking through the cool, spring rain to school. As he started up the hill his thoughts were all of Mary, so he was startled to see her coming towards him.

"Where are you going, Mary?" he said, when she reached him. "School is that way."

"I know!" she said, laughing. "I forgot my lunch, Mr. Adams."

"Humph!" he said, seeing through mist and rain that she was still utterly charming. "Forgot your lunch, did you? Fine thing!"

"Yes, I'm afraid I'll be late—"

"Very likely!" he said, scowling and looking hard at her feet. "Very likely! Where are your goloshes, young woman?"

"I forgot them, too," she apologized, backing away.

"Forgot! Forgot! You women!" he said, shaking his head, "hopeless creatures." But his eyes lingered too long on her face as he spoke, his eyes, filled with tenderness, were caught by the sudden bright and searching glance she flung upward.

"Well, hurry up! Hurry up, don't stand there! You'll be late!" he said, scowling and turning his back.

If he had looked back he would have been surprised to see Mary Allen standing in the rain staring after him.

She watched the tall, gamine figure, the long legs like spindly spiders retreating in the silvery mist of rain; she saw the long legs mounting the hill, cutting the distance in determined strides; she saw the black-clothed legs against the silvery grass and she watched until they were out of sight, but she was thinking of the expression on his face.

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



## By Lilian Chisholm

# The Other Dear Charmer

AS he turned the corner, he looked up and there was Jill coming towards him. Straight out of the past she came, just as he had pictured it happening so many times when first she had disappeared from his life.

One day, he had thought then, during that tormented time, one day I shall look up suddenly, and she will be there. It may not be this month or next, perhaps not even this year, but one day. If I did not believe that, he had told himself, I could not and would not go on living.

She hadn't come, and the years had slipped by, and, of course, he had gone on living, just as many a man, thinking his life over, has gone on living. Gradually, or so he persuaded himself, the broken flesh had healed over the gaping wound left by Jill's desertion.

Slowly, painstakingly he had taught himself how to obliterate her face from his mind, to shut out the sound of her voice from his inward ear, to close his mind against her limpid laughter, her teasing smile. He hadn't been able to shut her out of his dreams—not even the stolen day-dreams in which he had indulged when he should have been working—but in time she had become rather a stranger, even in his dreams.

He congratulated himself that he was "Jill-free," and therefore fancy-free, too. The incredible had happened; the miracle that he had scoffed at had been performed.

In an ecstasy of delight at his own good conduct and splendid determination, he had set himself, quite deliberately, to look for Jill's successor. He had found Miriam, who was small, and dark, and quiet, and everything that Jill was not, and he had married her.

If he had thought of Jill at all, in the years that followed, it had been vaguely, as one remembers a childish scene, or a half-forgotten holiday, perhaps by a snatch of melody, or a drifting fragrance.

And now she was coming towards him, and the years were blotted out just as if they had never been. He was twenty-two again, and in love, and his beloved was coming towards him, hands outstretched, large, generous lips smiling, all her fair, magnificent beauty displayed before him.

"Malcolm," she said breathlessly, as if she had been running a long way. Memory nudged him eagerly—how he had laughed at her absurd breathlessness, her puppy-like enthusiasm. He put out his hands to meet hers, and his pulses raced.

The day, which had been windy and storm-tossed, became springlike, packed with exquisite possibilities, because he and Jill were alive, and holding hands, and laughing.

"It's been years," he said, idiotically, because they couldn't go on standing in a busy thoroughfare like two moon-struck children, "hasn't it?"

"Years—or days," she laughed. "Who cares? Oh, Malcolm, this is

something too wonderful to be true. I'm so full of things to say I can't think where to begin—and I'm on the way to an appointment, too!"

"It's cancelled," he told her firmly. "There couldn't be any appointment in the world so important, right now, as spending the day with me, and you know it. It would be like smacking poor old Fate in the face if we didn't do something about this heaven-sent opportunity."

She laughed, just as he had remembered—a funny, catchy little laugh which seemed to well up from her throat. Laughter had always come so easily to her, dear Jill—not like—

He caught at his rebellious thoughts swiftly, refusing to admit to their truth. If he had any sense, he thought wryly, he would exchange a few remarks with Jill, mention, quite casually, that he was married, and go his way. But had he ever had any sense where darling Jill was concerned?

Life with Jill had been a bubble, a delightful, elusive bubble with a galaxy of color and shapes and sizes—no two days had ever been the same. She had been the bubble, and he the fascinated boy, trying to hold the lovely, fragile thing within his greedy hands . . .

"Just the same old Malcolm," she teased him warmly. "You look sober as a judge, you know—and why? Aren't you glad we met, Malcolm, on this glorious morning?"

That was the extraordinary thing—it was glorious, now that he had met Jill. He had been cursing the weather, hating the cold and rain, had felt gloomy and depressed, realising that his cherished week-end in the garden was threatened.

Now, quite suddenly, he saw the morning through Jill's eyes, strong, pulsating, boisterous—beautiful. Many a morning such as this he had walked with Jill, hand in hand, in the country, had walked the sun down, and come back at last to sit before a gigantic fire, half dozing, in Jill's absurd little cupboard-like flat, watching her make toast there by the fire.

"Glad?" he repeated slowly. "Oh, Jill—if you knew how often I pictured just such a meeting as this! And now it is here we must make the most of it. You do see that? Just for old times' sake, my dear, this day will be mine, won't it? You'll forget that appointment and give this one day to me? Just as a sort of souvenir—"

She hesitated momentarily, and in that brief pause he wished his invitation unsaid. Just what kind of madness was he contemplating? Jill was part of the past, and must remain there—she must never be allowed to invade the present.

The present and the future belonged to Miriam. How could there ever be room in his life for both Jill and Miriam? Miriam was his wife, and Jill was . . . was what? She had been, until a moment ago, a sweet, wistful memory, a half-forgotten romance, a childhood sweetheart.

But now, looking again into her laughing, flushed, radiant face, he knew that she could be more than any of those things. He felt like a diver, standing high above the water, hesitating before taking the fatal plunge—and no water had ever been so blue or so inviting as Jill's eyes.

"All right," she said at last, slipping her black-gloved hand beneath his arm, "to-day is yours, Malcolm, to do with as you will. I make one condition though—I must have gallons of hot coffee immediately. In our little shop, remember?"

He remembered it as if it had been yesterday. It was small and fusty, and he could swear the windows had never been opened since he had first brought Jill here years before. The waitress waited stolidly for their order, unaware that she was playing a leading part in a play on which the curtain had just gone up.

They laughed over the menu, squabbling as they had always done, because Jill wanted pikelets and Malcolm wanted scones.

"We'll have both!" Jill solved the problem triumphantly, and he

nodded delightedly, recognising the old, old game. She had been such an adorable playmate.

"The extraordinary thing is that you don't look older!" he said, when the waitress had left them, "yet you must be. You still paint those soul-destroying monstrosities, of course?"

She feigned anger, much to the interest of two old ladies at the next table.

"One of the soul-destroying monstrosities has been hung—" she told him defiantly, and grinned at the obvious retort he made. She rested her elbows on the table, linking her well-gloved hands beneath her chin. She wore an odd assortment of clothes, and, as always, bestowed upon them her own gallant charm and grace.

"Jill could wear a potato sack, and look like a model from Paris," had been a favorite remark among their own little crowd long ago—and it was still true. Miriam wore tweeds, usually—or severe tailormades when she came up to town, very rarely.

He ought to mention Miriam, only how could he? "By the way—I'm married, you know"—how would that sound? Stupid, gauche. "Did you hear of my marriage, Jill?" Idiotic—and dangerous. If she knew about Miriam, the day would be spoilt before it had begun.

They were entitled surely to just this one short day together before going back to the ordinary, dull existence.

He caught his truant thoughts and pushed them back into place, aware of a great shame growing within him. Since when had his existence with Miriam seemed ordinary, dull? He had been happy enough when he left home this morning, hadn't he?

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMPSON

Please turn to page 38



Engrossed in their talk, Jill and Malcolm walked on, oblivious of time and the blustering wind.

The Australian Women's Weekly, September 19, 1961—Page 9.



"I saw it. I loved it. I named it . . .

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MEN AND  
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# The silent witness

A short story complete on this page by MICHEL MARSH LIPMAN

JANE ANDREWS squirmed lower in her seat behind the stout woman in the gaudily flowered blue print, even though she knew Mark was too absorbed to notice his wife in the courtroom.

At Doctor Elias Chaney's testimony ended, Tom Reed, the lawyer opposing Mark, smiled confidently.

Jane beat at Mark with her thoughts. Don't question Chaney; they'll make a fool of you . . . they'll laugh . . . make you appear ridiculous, Mark. Every experienced trial lawyer warned you not to cross-examine Chaney.

Earlier that morning, when she and Mark had got out of their little car at the courthouse kerb, they'd both been tense with uncertainty. Each was trying to deceive the other with a veneer of calm, even of gaiety. But that false nonchalance was all gone now.

Now her husband was rising reluctantly and walking towards the witness. Spectators were leaning forward. Jane jerked off soggy cotton gloves and wiped her palms. If only they hadn't brought in Chaney on her husband's first big case!

Mark's client, an uninsured fruit and vegetable market, had been willing to pay a reasonable amount for old Mrs. Quarles' back injury, but her lawyers demanded ten times the amount offered.

They pointed out that she was completely paralysed, but Mark was convinced the actual physical damage was slight. A hysterical condition, he'd been advised by his own physician. Mrs. Quarles might possibly get up any day and run around as though she'd never slipped on a piece of tomato.

But that wasn't the picture Doctor Chaney painted on direct examination. For nearly two hours he'd told in detail how Mrs. Quarles had suffered.

The doctor had distinguished-looking grey hair and was handsomely impressive. He tapped his thumb with his glasses whenever he wished to emphasise a point, and the jurors nodded their heads in agreement with each tap.

Mark's voice was almost apologetic. "I understand, Doctor Chaney, that you are a medical consultant for a number of large concerns."

"Quite a number," Chaney's answer was dryly satirical, and a titter ran through the courtroom.

Jane's face grew hot. A bad beginning, Mark, she thought. Stop; oh, stop while you can . . .

"Will you name a few?" Smiling good-naturedly, the doctor named sixteen well-known firms.

"Your days then are very busy, are they not, Doctor?"

"Very busy, Mr.—ah—Andrews." Still patient, still good-humored. Little hint yet of annihilating answers to come.

"In addition, Doctor," Mark went on, "you are often called to testify in court as an expert witness, are you not?"

Oh, she pleaded, why bother about that, Mark? Everyone knows he's in court almost every week.

"I'm often called as an expert witness, yes."

"Now with all this testifying and advising, you couldn't have much time left for private practice, could you?"

Doctor Chaney's smile grew broader. "None whatever, sir."

"Or to devote to reading, either?"

"Regrettably, no."

It was beautiful acting. Jane had been a promising amateur actress herself before she married Mark a year ago. Whatever the doctor's medical abilities might be, he was a marvellous showman.

"You've said that the particular injury Mrs. Quarles received resulted in the symptoms of paralysis she now exhibits. Will you name one medical authority who agrees with you?"

"Doctor John Jefferson agrees with me."

"And who is Doctor Jefferson?"

"He happens to be the most famous surgeon in the country."

Mark looked coldly at the witness. "There's plenty of time, Doctor," he said.

A ripple of laughter ran through the courtroom. "Has he—uh—written a book or anything like that?"

"He wrote a book about ten years ago called Jefferson On The Spine," which is by far the outstanding work on the subject, Mr. Andrews."

"Well, Doctor, if you're such a busy man and have no leisure for reading, how did you find time to read Jefferson to see if he agreed with you?"

"I had an idea some such silly question might be asked to-day," the doctor said happily, "so after my breakfast I just took a moment to check through Jefferson, and I found we were in perfect accord!"

Jane shrank inwardly at the roar of laughter.

Mark didn't seem to hear the laughter. He walked to his table, took the thickest book she'd ever seen from his briefcase, and handed it to the witness. "Here, Doctor, is a copy of 'Jefferson On The Spine.' Will you point out the part where you and he are in perfect accord on Mrs. Quarles' particular injury?"

The doctor's smile melted slowly. "Why, ah—that would take too much time, I'm afraid." He glanced anxiously at the jury; then at the judge.

"But, Doctor, you said you checked it after breakfast, thinking some such silly question might be asked you!"

"There isn't time now," the doctor said hoarsely. "There's plenty of time, Doctor. Just mark the place."

Jane stopped breathing. You've done it, Mark; you've trapped him.

Mark said quietly, "I will suspend my cross-examination until you find the place you say you read this morning, and read it to the jury."

Mark! Don't suspend! Don't give him a chance to think! The rise of hope left her as she saw him go to his table and sit down heavily.

There was terrible, immobile silence.

The doctor continued to stare at the unopened book in his hands.

She heard the tick of the electric wall clock and saw him swallow.

Silence . . . Silence . . .

It beat in her eardrums with solid, frightening rhythm. Chaney licked dry lips with his tongue, and she imagined she heard the dry rasp. He looked at the judge, the jury, the lawyers, as though seeking help.

She glanced at the jurors—and realised that no dramatic trick could have been more effective than this damning quiet! Mark had manoeuvred Chaney into an impossible situation and was playing it magnificently.

Not a throat cleared; not even a foot scraped, while the clock's metallic tick marked the passage of a minute.

Finally Judge Thomson leaned forward. "Doctor, do you wish to answer the question?"

"I—uh—I have answered as—uh—fully as I—"

The judge's eyebrows rose. "You may be excused, then."

As Doctor Chaney almost ran from the silent courtroom, Tom Reed was on his feet. "A recess, if your Honor will grant one at this time—"

The judge smiled assent, and an incredulous, excited babble broke

out. Jane pushed her way to Mark. He hadn't moved. They were already offering a compromise.

"Rather weakens our case, Andrews . . . give us the original settlement and we'll dismiss right now."

Mark merely stared. He didn't say a word.

"All right, five hundred more—but that's our bottom figure."

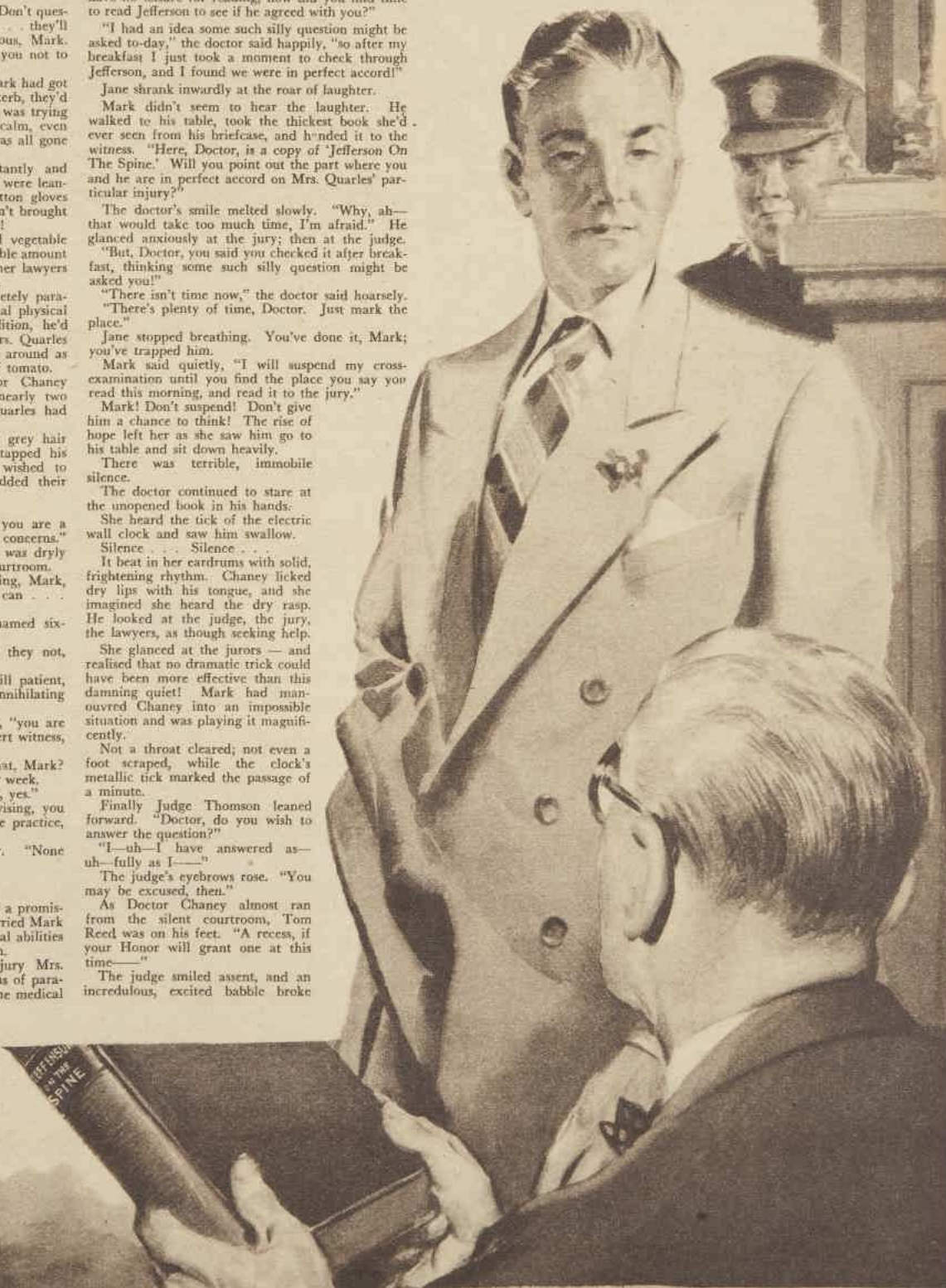
Mark nodded.

A few moments later, when she'd almost led him into their car, Jane said, "Darling, it was wonderful! Tripping Dr. Chaney was brilliant, but that masterful pause—Mark, that was a touch of genius!"

He began to laugh shakily. "Genius? Listen, don't even mention this in your sleep—it wasn't genius, it was jitters! I was so scared by that time I couldn't ask another question!"

(Copyright)

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER





# Round the Rugged Rocks

JOHN HAMILTON, lieutenant, commanding "C" Troop, 23rd Reconnaissance Regiment, stood up in the turret of his armored car. "Bill!" he shouted. "Bill!"

"Yes, sir," answered William Parkinson, sergeant of the same outfit.

This easy familiarity between officer and non-commissioned officer was the outcome of six years of battles that had taken them together through desert, olive grove, bocage, and now to the cross-roads marked X236410 on the map of Germany (Hanover District).

The young officer continued to address the sergeant.

"Just because the war is nearly over, it doesn't mean that open mutiny is next on the list—so why doesn't someone bring me a mug of tea, too?"

"Right away, sir," grinned the sergeant; and from the way he said it, and from the nods and winks of the soldiers within earshot, it would have been obvious to an outsider that mutiny was about the only thing that never could happen to "C" Troop.

"Trooper Blossom," yelled the sergeant, and the cry was passed down the line of men waiting with their tea mugs. "Blossom! Blossom! The Samt wants yer."

Trooper Blossom appeared silently from nowhere; and, as was his wont, he was in close touch with animal life; this time it was a fat white farmyard duck that bulged beneath his tunic; its head and neck lolled

grotesquely out from between the second and third buttons.

Blossom was a little man with a wrinkled and humorous brown face; in peace-time he was a Norfolk poacher and he had kept his hand in at the game ever since he had been called into the service of his King. "I found this 'ere bird, Samt, proceedin' down the road . . . it was limpin' quite bad, so thinkin' it might be classified as 'walkin' wounded' I knocked it orf to save it a walk."

"That is loot, Blossom," said the sergeant, "and as such is punishable by death; however, 'and it over to the cook. And get a move on and take 'is Nibs a cuppa."

"Yes, Samt."

In a matter of seconds John Hamilton was handed an enormous tin mug filled with the sweet scalding tea that only the British soldier can make.

"Er's the gunfire, sir."

"Thanks, Blossom."

Over the rim of his tin mug John Hamilton watched the endless stream of field-grey shapes as they shambled past the armored car on their way back to the prisoner-of-war cages. As always in the mass surrender of an army, a large proportion of the soldiers involved were catching their first glimpse of the enemy; but apart from this small flicker of interest they tramped stolidly along without even looking up, moving west . . . always west.

As John looked down on them he was surprised that he felt so little emotion.

"I suppose I ought to be gloating or something," he thought . . . "After all, this is IT, this is the moment which for years we have all been fighting and praying for—total, complete, smashing victory . . ."

Everyone knew that Monty had received a surrender offer somewhere farther north, and now it could only

be a matter of hours before it was all over.

"Over?" His mind took a different turn. That would mean being sent to Japan or being demobilised and sent out into the world to earn a living, having gone straight from school into the army. "A grisly prospect," he thought . . .

"At twenty-five I don't know a thing except how to run an armored car, how to kill people, and how to look after my men's feet—that'll get me a long way in civvy street." He grinned to himself . . . "The Aunts' will be glad to see me though."

His mind flickered fondly towards the two old ladies, not really aunts, but devoted family friends, who had brought him up since his father and mother had been drowned in a fishing-boat off Margate, whither he had been taken for the summer holidays at the age of nine.

He owed everything to "the Aunts" and the little Queen Anne house in a fold of the Wiltshire Downs near Devizes was the only home he had ever really known.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Sergeant Parkinson from the road below, "a message 'as just come in from the C.O.: 'e wants to speak to you." John shook himself and groaned inwardly. "All right," he said, "hand me up the gadget."

After a few preliminary crackles the squadron commander's voice came clearly through the earphones. "John, the official order to cease fire has just come through . . . I thought you would like to know."

"Thank you, sir," John said quietly.

The end!—the official end of six years of struggle, tension, fear, boredom, discomfort, and electric excitement. He felt strangely tired and let down, and had a great longing to go away somewhere and sit quietly by himself. What he did, in fact, was to call the men around him, and

a smiling circle of twenty brown, confident, and friendly faces looked up at him as he told them the news of the cease fire.

When he finished his short announcement, a voice spoke up, "Sir, secin' that old Adolf 'as decided to put up the shutters and go out of business, wouldn't this be a nice time to 'ave a little nip of that whisky we liberated in Holland?"

Unanimous cries of assent greeted this most intelligent suggestion.

Mugs were filled and raised, and thus, against the ever-present backdrop of shuffling field-grey figures and to the accompaniment of half-embarrassed murmurs of "Good luck," "All the best," "Good 'ealth," "Cheerio," and "Good Old Johnny," did the war end for "C" Troop.

By midsummer, with the Pacific War ended, John was returned to England to await demobilisation. His beloved Troop was scattered to the four winds and he found himself kicking his heels in utter boredom, surrounded for the most part by complete strangers.

As he was a country lover, it was his great good fortune to be sent to the West Country and there to a beautiful early Georgian house in Somerset called Blagthorpe Hall, the country seat of Sir Arthur Prentice, Bart.

When John arrived at Blagthorpe, blessedly accompanied by Trooper Blossom, it was almost a year to the day since the shooting had stopped in Germany. The King had pinned a Military Cross on his left breast as soon as he had arrived in England; and he had also been home on leave for a fortnight, during which time "the Aunts" had fussed and clucked over him and made him feel as though he had won the war single-handed.

As demobilisation was on the basis of age plus length of service, officers and men came to regard themselves and one another as "points" and "age groups" instead of as human beings. John's group was not due for release until the end of the year. He viewed the

*In a flash, the welcome turned into confusion as the dog took up its stand, glowering menacingly.*





# By David Niven

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

*Lively new serial by one of to-day's most popular film stars — the adventures of a devil-may-care ex-officer*

intervening months with the utmost dis-

cern. The only bright spots as far as he could see were the beauty of his surroundings and the fact that Trooper Blossom was still with him. He had, however, reckoned without Oglethorpe.

It was just before dinner one August evening when he first spotted Oglethorpe. John was sitting in a dilapidated armchair, in the hut that did duty as an officers' mess, and was flicking through the pages of a vintage magazine, when Oglethorpe appeared.

Oglethorpe was a subaltern of thirty who looked fifty, six feet six inches in height, with a moustache which could be seen from behind on a clear day; he was very, very thin indeed and his chin was nonexistent. He stood in the doorway of the hut. He was beautifully drunk.

"I would like," he announced to the room in general, "to have a stoop of moid or a posset of burnt sack."

The colonel, a new importation to the regiment, shot up from his chair like a jack-in-the-box. "You are drunk, young man."

Oglethorpe clicked his heels. "You are right, sir."

The colonel was obviously shaken by this remark, but he was an old regular soldier and had dealt with young puppies of subaltern before.

"Who the devil are you?" he barked. "Oglethorpe," said Oglethorpe.

The colonel glared balefully. "Go to your room, Oglethorpe, and consider yourself lucky not to be under close arrest . . . I'll deal with you in the morning."

The long thin man opened his mouth to make a further pronouncement, but John got quickly from his chair and taking him by the arm propelled him away from the presence of his snorting commanding officer and out into the cool of the evening.

By the time the hush of midsummer was upon them, John and Oglethorpe had become inseparable. Oglethorpe's reputation as the most imperturbable officer in the Western Desert had clung to him till the end; legendary had become his observation during three days of heavy shelling at Halfaya Pass . . . "Like everything Teutonic this goes on far too long."

The army had very little work for officers awaiting demobilisation and, as the colonel was generous about leave, London saw a good deal of the two friends.

Then as the summer moved gloriously into autumn, John managed to enjoy himself more and more at Blagthorpe. His military duties were almost negligible, the colonel had become even more humanised. Far more important to John, however, was the fact that he met Carole.

Carole Parker was a beauty with corn-colored hair and large violet eyes; eyes so

disturbing that they made most men overlook the fact that she also had a somewhat hard mouth above a most determined chin. When she first laid those violet eyes upon John she was a young actress of great promise and was just finishing the summer season in the Bournemouth Repertory Company.

At the precise moment of their meeting John had hardly been looking his best. A large fancy dress ball was taking place in the Grand Hotel and, the affair being in aid of the local charities, was graced by the presence of minor royalty. It was the high spot of the Bournemouth season. John and Oglethorpe arrived very late and had consumed a considerable quantity of martinis en route.

They were dressed as goats, and, owing to their highly elated state, both their too realistic costume and their behaviour aroused violent indignation among the staid committee members, who demanded that they be promptly removed from the premises.

When the two friends spiritedly resisted this indignity, a near riot broke out until, in the midst of increasing pandemonium, they realised at last that discretion was

by far the better part of valor and fled, pursued by commissionaires and police.

Once in the street, Oglethorpe's huge strides took him well ahead, but John, a large policeman hot on his heels, mistook the location of the kerb, and sprawled full-length in the gutter.

All had seemed lost when Carole's cool voice came from the interior of a luxurious car that had moved silently to the kerb-side. "Hop in."

John hopped and the sleek car slid smoothly away.

"Well," said Carole as the Grand Hotel dropped behind, "where are you going?"

John looked at her and heartily approved of what he saw. She was dressed as a French apache dancer, the tight black skirt, white silk shirt, and beret of that profession made it easy to see that she had a superb figure.

Please turn to page 40







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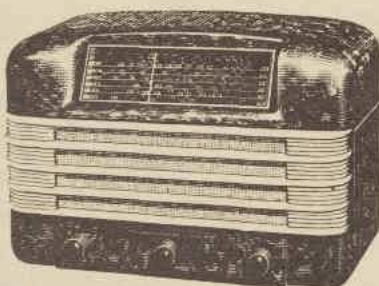
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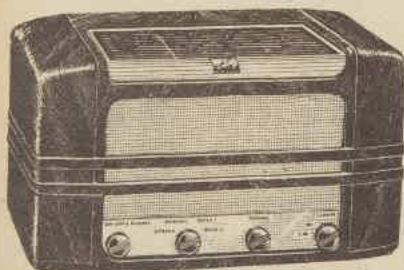
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## Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 16.

September 19, 1951

### INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

AUSTRALIANS paused last week to consider one happy aspect of international relations among the innumerable and depressing problems that abound between nations.

Sedgman's victory in the United States men's singles tennis championship final caused general excitement and pleasure.

*He was the first Australian ever to win the title, and his victory was a good augury for the Davis Cup to be played at the end of this year.*

Just as gratifying as the win was the unprecedented ovation given Sedgman, who was later described by the president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association (Mr. Russell Kingman) as "not only a great tennis player but modest and a great sportsman."

It is an exaggeration to say that the playing of games between nations has any real influence on their political relations.

But often temperament on the part of a player and discourtesy on the part of an audience mean the negation of everything intended by the word "sport." At times it has looked as if international matches did more to mar international relations than to help them.

*Every international player on any sports field owes it to his own country to do all he can to engender goodwill.*

And by his reputation for good sportsmanship a player such as Sedgman does a service not only to sport generally but to his country.

### OUR COVER

... Margaret Edwards, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Edwards, of Melbourne, has her hands full with three show beauties, Blue Boy of Lochcarron, Hakanoa Judith, and Rombalds Cardinal, who are owned by Mr. J. Graham Head, of the Granada Kennels, East Malvern, Melbourne. Blue Boy has many wins to his name and is now nine years old and retired from the show ring. Hakanoa Judith is imported from New Zealand and is competing in the Royal Melbourne Show for the first time this year. Rombalds Cardinal, imported from England, has won at Sydney and Adelaide Royal Shows.

### This week:

● You'll find even more than usual to interest you in this issue. On pages 16 and 17 there's our new £5000 contest which, we predict, will eventually get the whole family in. While mother may consider she's the home-keeping authority and daughter that romantic and/or career problems are her special province, they'll find that husbands, brothers, and grandfathers, too, will have strong opinions on the best answers to many of the questions.

● Everyone who remembers with pleasure the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company's visit to Australia at the end of 1949 and looks forward to the next in 1952 will be interested in the pictures of the theatre's Festival production of "The Tempest" on pages 20 and 21. Australian London Saint-hill designed the costumes and settings. Saint-hill (back in 1946 he did a cover and some fashion work for us) has had considerable success abroad, and his "Tempest" decor was a sensation. "Never before in our time," wrote one London critic, "has Shakespeare's enchanted island looked so lovely."

### Next week:

● Getting married? Then you'll want to be sure to see next week's paper with three color fashion pages devoted to wedding frocks. As well, Betty Keep, in her popular feature "Dress Sense," gives suggestions for a going-away frock, wedding gown, and trousseau house-gown. Another angle on weddings, the ever-recurring question of correct procedure at church and reception, is answered in the last of our series of articles on modern etiquette.

## BOOK REVIEW

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN

ALTHOUGH Laura Z. Hobson's new novel, "The Other Father," is written with sensitive perception, it is doubtful if it will achieve the popularity of her "Gentleman's Agreement," in which she dealt with the knotty and absorbing problem of racial prejudice.

In her new book she concentrates on the problems of one Andrew Dynes, an unfaithful husband in his late forties.

In the early stages Andrew has the reader's sympathy. The complexity and apparent selfishness of his every thought, however, gradually alienate sympathy until the author, with great delicacy, brings forward in the minds of both Andrew and the reader the unhealthy reason for the pallid failure of his marriage and career.

With his irritating capacity for introspection, Andrew Dynes gives little thought to his outwardly calm, tactful wife Mary, because he is sure she can "glaze over pain."

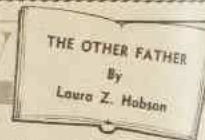
His love for Ruth, an attractive young woman in her twenties who has suffered an

unhappy early marriage, is almost agonising in its indecisiveness.

But his love for his vital, 21-year-old daughter Peg is intense. His tottering world crashes when he learns that Peg is having an affair with a married man, Ted Galway, who has asked his wife for a divorce.

In the first shock, he is horrified at the seduction of his daughter. Then he torments himself with the knowledge that Galway is trying to end his loveless marriage to start married life with Peg, while he, Andrew Dynes, continues aimlessly with his secret affair with Ruth.

But these thoughts become irrelevant when he finds that



Galway is in the same age group as himself. He is jealous. His whole mind is consumed with his jealousy until a frightening truth dawns upon him — his love for his daughter is over-tense.

"The Other Father" is an interesting novel with clearly drawn characters, despite the author's tendency to present their thoughts in a repetitive form of telegraphic writing.

It is not a cheerful story and it required careful writing.

Although her novel "Gentleman's Agreement" brought Laura Hobson film rights while it was still in the galley-proof stage it is obvious from her new book that she is not writing with an eye to financial success per medium of the films.

The slowly developing theme of "The Other Father" makes for good, if rather depressing, reading, but it would be difficult to adapt for the screen. Still, Hollywood's slick scenario-boya have attempted more difficult subjects.

"The Other Father" is published by Cassell and Co. Our copy from Angus & Robertson Ltd.

#### The Australian Women's Weekly

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centres of the world,  
Miss Woodley will be proudly wearing  
these delightful rigs, made from genuine Ingola material.



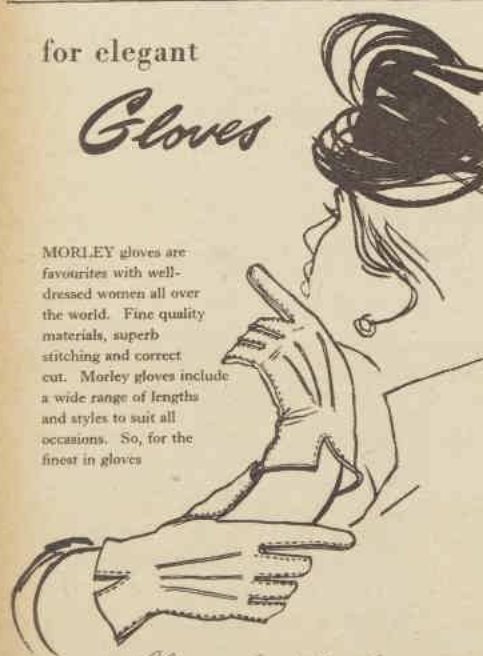
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AT ALL LEADING STORES



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MORLEY gloves are  
favourites with well-  
dressed women all over  
the world. Fine quality  
materials, superb  
stitching and correct  
cut. Morley gloves include  
a wide range of lengths  
and styles to suit all  
occasions. So, for the  
finest in gloves



Always look for the name

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MORLEY KNITWEAR, GLOVES AND STOCKINGS MADE IN ENGLAND BY I. & R. MORLEY LTD. Trade Enquiries to: C. J. Gerrard, 67 York Street, Sydney—H. T. Westford, 212 Flinders Lane, Melbourne—E. A. Dobby, King House, Queen Street, Brisbane.

# BIG QUIZ CONTEST

## You can win up to £3000 with original answers

This week we launch the greatest Quiz  
Contest ever held by an Australian  
newspaper. Prizes total £5000.

In presenting this competi-  
tion, The Australian Women's  
Weekly gives everyone a  
chance of winning real money  
— £3000 — in £1000 prizes. In  
all, there are 119 prizes.

The questions are not brain-  
teasers. They are taken straight out  
of three of the most important as-  
pects of life—romance, office, and  
home.

BUSINESS girls, secretaries, wives, mothers, and  
sweethearts can all answer them. Read the ques-  
tions now and get out pencil and paper.

If you do not want to answer all the quizzes, then  
select the one or two which appeal to you. Each quiz  
carries a first prize of £1000.

Each quiz is a complete contest in itself, and your  
entry must answer the ten questions.

The 119 prizes are listed on the opposite page.

Your answers can be given in crisp sentences or  
expanded by explanation and discussion.

One thing we do ask of you: Write in ink or type  
your entries on one side of the paper only.

Send your entries now, as judging starts at once.

## Contest Rules

● To enter The Australian Women's Weekly  
Quiz Contest, you must answer at least one  
complete quiz. You may enter for all of the  
three or any one or two of them.

● Name and address must be put on each quiz you  
answer. For instance, if you answer the Office Quiz  
and the Homemaker Quiz, pin together the answers for  
the Office Quiz with your name and address written on  
the entry. Pin together the answers for the Homemaker  
Quiz and again put your name and address on the entry.  
You may send your answers in the one envelope.

● Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the  
judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

● Judges will be the Editor and departmental experts  
of The Australian Women's Weekly. The judges'  
decisions will be final and no correspondence will be  
entered into regarding those decisions.

● Winners of the major prizes are not eligible for prizes  
for answers to individual questions.

● Employees or parents, children, brothers, or sisters of  
employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. are not eligible to  
enter the contest.

● All entrants warrant that their entries are their own  
original work. Copyright in all entries shall belong to  
Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They  
will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Address your entries: Quiz Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O.,  
Sydney.

## Romance Quiz

1—Suggest four golden rules for girls—nice girls—who  
wish to be attractive to the opposite sex.

2—You are a working girl with ambitions. Your ward-  
robe is adequate for your workaday life, but you  
often wish for something more suitable for parties. You  
are suddenly presented with £100 to spend on clothes,  
and decide to set yourself up with things suitable for a  
smarter social life. Assuming you have a good winter  
coat, how would you lay out the money to be of advan-  
tage not only this summer but for several seasons?

3—What are the three best beauty hints you know?

4—Suppose you are a salesgirl in a big department  
store. The new head of your department, in charge  
of a large number of girls, is an attractive young man  
who is noticing you with special interest. You believe  
he would like to ask you out, but is afraid that it would  
be unwise because of your respective working positions.  
How would you go about encouraging his interest while  
at the same time indicating that you are the soul of  
discretion and that friendship with you would never  
prove an embarrassment in working hours?

5—Your methods prove successful, and soon you are  
seeing the young man regularly. However, his  
mother, while committing no breach of good manners,  
receives you coolly, and after a few visits to his home  
you come to the conclusion she thinks her son might do  
better for himself. What would you do to try to win her  
confidence, and if you failed, what would you do then?

6—Anyway, you begin to pop a few treasures in your  
bottom drawer. List the items of house linen you  
think any girl should offer as her contribution to the  
future home. Outline an idea for one set of table linen  
that would give a trousseau an individual touch.

7—Love conquers all, you think, when you accept his  
ring, followed by other presents designed to grace  
your joint future home. But six months later you find  
you are no longer happy in the engagement (though this  
is not due to any grave fault in his behaviour to you  
or his character) and decide to end it. What action  
would you take in announcing your change of heart  
to your fiancé and your friends?

8—Time marches on. A couple of years later you are  
living in another town or suburb and at last meet  
your true love. He has only one fault, a strong sense  
of jealousy. He asks you to marry him, you say yes, and  
you wonder whether to tell him of your previous engage-  
ment or take a chance he will never hear of it. What  
do you decide, and why?

9—Out of the wisdom of your experience, suggest  
three ways (apart from beauty care and attention  
to dress) in which a girl can develop her personality.

10—Suggest four golden rules for the man who wants  
to rate as a charming escort.



# £5000 TOTAL PRIZEMONEY

## Office Quiz

- 1—Suggest four golden rules for career girls.
- 2—Suppose you are a shorthand-typist with three years' experience in a general office. Your shorthand and typing are good, you consider yourself alert, well-informed, and worthy of a better job. So answer the following advertisement.

**WANTED:** Experienced stenographer as secretary to executive of large company. Only girls with personality and willing to concentrate on exacting job will be considered. Reply, stating educational and business qualifications, to Executive, Box 0202, Blanktown.

- 3—Congratulations, you got the job. Till now your clothes purchases have been limited by your small salary. This winter you managed to buy a good topcoat, but you have nothing else very good. Suddenly you are given £100 to spend on clothes. How would you lay out the money to benefit for several seasons ahead as well as for this summer?

- 4—Your new chief is a nervy, forgetful man. At 10.55 one morning you discover he has made an appointment for 11 a.m. with one important client, forgetting that you have already made an appointment with another equally important for the same time. They arrive together. What do you do?

- 5—The organisation for which you now work covers many different activities. A letter comes in which requires information from a number of different departments before your chief can draft the final answer. What steps would you take to see that it was quickly dealt with by each one?

- 6—You're proving so efficient, all sorts of little problems come to you to be solved. For instance, there has been a great increase in the consumption of note-paper, envelopes, paper clips, pencils, nibs, etc., and it has been suggested that staff members are supplying their personal needs from office stocks. You are told to stop it. Draft a memo, calling for economy in all departments in the use of all kinds of stationery.

- 7—Now you are answering tricky letters yourself. This morning there is a letter from a valued but troublesome customer of your firm complaining that some items of a consignment of goods received at his shop were damaged in transit. You must write a firm but inoffensive letter which states that the goods were undamaged when they left your firm's factory, that they were carried by one of the most reliable of your transport personnel, and that it is possible that they were damaged on his premises. The name of your firm is A. B. C. D. Jones, Pty. Ltd., 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, general merchants, cable address Dosel. The letter goes out from the sales manager, Mr. A. B. C. Smith, to the general manager of the firm of X. Y. Z. Brown and Sons, 60 Regent Street, Sydney. (Answer to this question is to be the whole letter typed and set out completely with the firm's name and details shown as if on a printed letter-head.)

- 8—You are shocked at the sight of this envelope in the mail one morning. Tabulate the errors made in addressing it.

F. PINE, Esq., B.Sc. MBE,  
84 ABERNETHY ST,  
KEDRON

- 9—You are successful now, and well paid, but find that you are concentrating too much on your career and cutting yourself off from normal women's interests. State why this is a bad thing and what you will do to avoid loss of femininity.

- 10—Suggest four golden rules for employers.

## FULL LIST OF PRIZES

£1000 for best answer to each quiz . . . . .	£3000
£250 for second best answer to each quiz . .	£750
£100 for third best answer to each quiz . . .	£300
£20 for best answer to any question (30 prizes of £20) . . . . .	£600
£10 for second best answer to any question (30 prizes of £10) . . . . .	£300
£1 for witty replies (50 consolation prizes)	£50
	<b>£5000</b>

## Homemaker Quiz

- 1—Suggest four golden rules for homemakers.

- 2—You are an average housewife running a home on an average income. Your wardrobe is limited, you have a good winter topcoat, but nothing else of much value. Suddenly you are given £100 which you must spend all at once on clothes. State what you would buy with that money so that you would benefit not only this summer, but for several seasons to come.

- 3—Yesterday afternoon you went to a kitchen tea at which each guest had to write down her favorite household hint for the bride-to-be. What did you write?

- 4—To-day your husband rings you at 4 p.m. to say he is bringing home a business friend for dinner. You have been out shopping and intended to have a quick meal, for which you bought four chops and one pound of green peas. You have a small end of cold roast mutton and your pantry holds the ordinary household needs, including eggs, cheese, bacon, tomatoes, potatoes, plus the following tinned or bottled goods: Meat loaf, asparagus cuts, fish paste, capers, spaghetti, baked beans, white salmon, halved peaches. There are no savory biscuits or crackers. You expect husband and guest by 6 p.m., and consider the meal should be on the table by 7 o'clock. How will you turn the scratch meal into a festive dinner? You can use a pressure cooker if you wish.

- 5—The years go by and your eight-year-old Bobby is at school. One day he brings home a note from his teacher, saying he is lazy and inattentive and asking you to speak to him. You feel, like most mothers, that Bobby's teacher doesn't understand him, because you know Bobby doesn't like the teacher. Then, thinking it over, you realise Bobby is lazy and inattentive at home, too. How do you deal with this situation?

- 6—Your neighbor, like you, is worried about her household bills. Help her by giving your recipe for the most economical main-dinner dish you know, in quantities for a family of six.

- 7—Your neighbor's son has a motor-bike and is in the habit of roaring home noisily late at night. You are on good terms with the family, and have previously mentioned this matter mildly to the boy's mother without result. Your husband is quick-tempered and outspoken, and you want to get the matter settled without his intervention. What would you do about it?

- 8—Out of the wisdom of your housekeeping experience, outline a day-to-day plan of household duties for a week in a three-bedroom house for a family consisting of husband, wife, and two schoolchildren.

- 9—You begin to feel yourself submerged in mundane home duties. You have only a little pocket-money to spare. What steps will you take to get yourself again in touch with current affairs and the wider world?

- 10—Suggest four golden rules for husbands.

### KEEP THESE PAGES

The quiz questions will NOT be published every week during the course of the contest.





Shown above—the famous Gabanaro Sports Shirt

## Another Arrow "First"! The Sensational New ARAFOLD\* Collar!



The first sports shirt collar that really looks good with a tie!

THE NEW "ARAFOLD" collar marks a revolutionary development, and is now a part of all Arrow sports shirts. Only Arrow has it!

This new collar when worn with a tie looks neat. There's no more bulging, no

wrinkling, no "bunching up", for there's a built-in tie space formed by a permanent fold line in the collar. With or without a tie, it's solid comfort!

Illustrated is Gabanaro—Arrow's famous, rugged washable rayon gabardine. Choose your favourite from the eleven most popular sports shirt shades.

# ARROW

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\* Patent applied for.





She threw away pounds on expensive beauty treatments, then discovered this:

The best beauty treatment of all is the simplest. Keep your skin clear and youthful-looking by using mildly medicated Cuticura Soap—for the care of your hands and face, for your bath, for your shampoo. Use soothing, cooling Cuticura Ointment for regular skin and scalp care and fragrant Cuticura Talcum for every toilet purpose.

**Cuticura**

for a Beautiful Skin — CUTICURA SOAP CUTICURA OINTMENT CUTICURA TALCUM



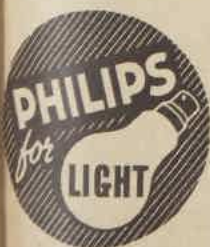
Are your dentures made of the new acrylics?

Because of the natural effect they achieve, the new acrylics, sometimes called plastics, are now used for most dentures. People who know how thoroughly **STERADENT** removes all stains, film, and food deposits have asked if **STERADENT** can be used for these new acrylic dentures. The answer is definitely "Yes," for **STERADENT** is harmless to ALL denture materials including the new acrylics. Place the dentures in **STERADENT** solution while you dress or while you sleep, to keep them as white and gleaming as when new.

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Cleans and sterilises every type of denture



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 19, 1951

## Worth Reporting

**EIGHT** million flowers will be needed to decorate floats for the festival of flowers planned by the Royal Horticultural Society of Victoria for the Jubilee holiday on November 13.

A two-mile-long cavalcade of 40 floral floats, decorated by local councils, will pass through the city streets to Fitzroy Gardens.

The floodlit gardens at night will be the setting for a programme of plays, music, and dancing by Highland groups and New Australians, wearing national costumes.

About 200,000 flowers are needed for each float, and members of the Horticultural Society throughout Victoria are making crepe-paper blooms to mingle with fresh flowers.

President of the Royal Horticultural Society, Mr. R. A. Comeadow, hopes that the pageant will be the forerunner of similar events during the Royal visit next year and for the Olympic Games in 1956.

The co-organiser with Mr. Comeadow is Mr. William Baker.

A **PRETTY** young thing tripped up the gangway of a ferry last week, wearing a mandarin jacket and a coolie hat.

A colleague watching the girl decided herself to follow the Chinese influence this spring. Then she turned and glanced at the two youths beside her, both Chinese.

They were watching the girl too. Then one Chinese turned to the other Chinese and they exchanged grave winks.

**"Queen" for the kitchen**

UNTRAINED designer Miss Dorothy Stevenson, of Glen Iris, Vic., invented an aid to kitchen tidiness, which she calls "The Gadget Queen," during a wet weekend.

She worked out the details after she had become thoroughly exasperated with the inefficiency of a man-designed kitchen.

"It looks like an ordinary cupboard with centre shelves for electric clock, recipe books, and ornaments, but when it opens up it is a housewife's dream.

"All signs of cooking are cleared away in five seconds," she told us enthusiastically.

"A work tray drops from the centre, revealing a space for mixing-bowls, openings for garbage, finger-bowl, and small accessories.

"The cook consults a recipe-book attached at eye-level, dips into flour and sugar bins attached to cupboard doors, gets other ingredients from shelves to right and left, and pours mixture into cake-tins stored below."

Miss Stevenson intends to place the Gadget Queen on the market.

### RIVETS



**Spastic Centre praised**

**DIRECTOR** of the Mosman Spastic Centre, N.S.W., Dr. Claudia Burton-Bradley, finished her tour of the United States gratified to realise that Australian treatment for cerebral palsy was not behind that of the U.S.

"By and large, American treatment and methods are no further ahead than our own and many specialists there sought me out to tell me how much they admire our record in Australia," she told our New York office.

As a result of Dr. Burton-Bradley's visit to America, jointed splints may become available to the Mosman Centre.

"They are much better than ours because they are lighter, stronger, and jointed to allow the child to sit down, bend, or assume other than rigid postures," she explained.

"In Sydney patients had often to use one splint for walking and another for sitting, which is a tedious business for both child and attendant."

Dr. Burton-Bradley is now representing Australia at the World Conference for Crippling Conditions at Stockholm, and will be back here at the end of the month.

**Working in Moscow**

**TWENTY-SEVEN** - YEAR - OLD Ursula Dooley, of Devonport, Tasmania, recently arrived in Moscow to take up a position as confidential secretary to the Australian Charge d'Affaires, Mr. F. J. Blakeney.

Ursula, who is one of a family of ten, was on the staff of the High Commissioner for India in Australia, Sir Ragunath Paranjpye, during his term of office here.

She was the first Australian girl to be employed.

Later she was on the personal staff of Mr. Percy Spender in Canberra and Sydney.

**Reception at express speed**

**TALL**, good-looking William Price, who was in Australia recently as tour manager for Miss Festival of Britain, Judy Breen, is a cousin of the English film star Dennis Price.

Originally on the stage himself, Mr. Price told us that these days he prefers his job on the publicity staff of the J. Arthur Rank organisation.

His most uncomfortable moment was when he had arranged a civic reception for Richard Attenborough.

All that Mr. Price and Mr. Attenborough saw of the mayoral reception committee on the platform was a glimpse from the window as their train sped through the station.

They had taken the London Express by mistake.

IT'S a chill wind that blows nobody any good. The girl sitting in front of us in the bus the other morning remarked to her friend that she had been much better fed since electricity restrictions made kerosene heaters necessary.

"We've had one in my office all the winter," she explained, "I can toast sandwiches, or warm up pies or soup on the top of the stove."

"And another thing, too," she went on, "I've met such a nice lot of boys. They come up to my office and I cook lunch for them."

**Her "rag" riches in Prague**

**VIOLINIST** Gloria Foley, of Brisbane, who recently returned home after three years' study in Prague, said the first thing she had to get used to was people walking up to her in the street and fingering her coat, murmuring "Krasny, krasny" (beautiful). "I thought I left Australia 'in rags,' but I couldn't find anything in my wardrobe that would not be conspicuous against the drabness of Czechoslovakian clothes," she said.

## LIFT THAT SOAP VEIL

No matter how expensive they are, ordinary shampoos leave a veil of "soap" film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils—leaves your hair clean, full of sheen.



THRILLING NEW HIGHLIGHTS



Give your hair this exciting new beauty treatment . . .

**Vaseline** LIQUID SHAMPOO

"Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo's active "wonder foam" lather is a new kind of lather . . . cleans away all dirt and dandruff as it beautifies your hair.

Perfect for normal, oily, dry or water-fast dyed hair. Try "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo now—right away.

Your hair sets easier, feels softer and springier while curls simply last and last. New waves fairly ripple from your brush. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo rinses out completely—even in the hardest water. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed.



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cos.'d. V5128

**KIWI** IS IN A NEW, OPEN-IN-A-FLASH tin!



Change to **KIWI** for keeps

AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST SELLING SHOE POLISH

New Powder Makes **False Teeth** Hold Tight All Day Long

Now you can wear false teeth more firmly and more comfortably than ever. A new, improved powder called **FASTRETH** sprinkled on your plates every morning gives more comfortable fit all day. False teeth will not annoy and bother you by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh. **FASTRETH** does not thin out or wash away. Try **FASTRETH** and enjoy better false teeth security and comfort. Get **FASTRETH** at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.



Page 19



The Shakespeare Memorial  
Theatre produces ...

# The Tempest

● The most spectacular play of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre's Festival season is "The Tempest." Produced at the Stratford-on-Avon Theatre, it has brought fame to an Australian, Loudon Sainthill, who created scenery and costumes.



HAZEL PENWARDEN (above) plays Miranda, who lives with her father, Prospero, on a remote but lovely island. Prospero is the rightful Duke of Milan, but was dispossessed by his scheming brother, Sebastian, twelve years before.

MIRANDA AND FERDINAND (Richard Burton), son of the King of Naples, meet (below, left) after he has survived a shipwreck in which Sebastian also is involved. The game of chess was added by producer Anthony Quayle.

CAST ASHORE also are Stephano (Alexander Gauze), a drunken butler, and Trinculo (Michael Guyann), a jester (below, right), who share their wine with Prospero's savage slave, Caliban (Hugh Griffith). Caliban vows to serve them.







SAINTHILL'S COSTUMING of Caliban in fish scales makes him a very real monster, and conveys the fantastic under-the-sea atmosphere of "The Tempest."



PROSPERO (Michael Redgrave) plans to use the magic arts he has acquired on the island to overthrow Sebastian, with the help of his captive spirit, Ariel (Alan Badel). Ariel begs for his freedom. Prospero tells Ariel he will be free after he has performed certain tasks.



RAINBOW-GODDESS, Iris (Heather Stannard), takes part in the masque, staged by Ariel at Prospero's command, to celebrate the coming marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda.



IMAGINATIVE SETTING for the first scene of the play in which the frightened mariners try vainly to push their ship through the storm-tossed waters surrounding Prospero's isle (above). Sainthill peopled his stage-sea with sea-sprites.

PROSPERO (right), having overthrown Sebastian and reclaimed his dukedom, decides to quit his lovely island and return to Milan. The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre is planning a return visit here next year. Pictures by Alec Murray.





Your beauty will reflect  
a new radiant health

For health and  
beauty wear a  
Jenyns...



So lovely and so  
comfortable...

Because a Jenyns controls your figure properly  
it controls your age. With smooth, gentle and  
lovely comfort, through medically correct and  
scientific design, it gives support exactly where  
needed. These all wonderful things the Jenyns  
Patent Corset offers every woman, for there's  
a model type and a size to suit every figure.

**Jenyns**  
PATENT CORSETRY

Obtainable All  
Leading Stores.

THE JENYNS PATENT  
CORSET PTY. LTD.

**NOW 71—FEELS  
LIKE 21!**

—thanks to Kruschen



Mr. Rosen (71 years),  
antique dealer, of  
Carlton, Victoria, has  
led an active life for  
40 years free from  
former crippling  
lumbago. He gives all  
credit to Kruschen  
Salts.

**READ MR. ROSEN'S OWN WORDS:**

"It is close to 40 years since I started taking  
Kruschen. At that time I suffered from lumbago  
very much. The pain was unbearable at times. I  
have taken Kruschen every morning since, without  
missing once in the whole 40 years, and would never  
be without it. Every trace of lumbago disappeared in  
a very short time. I am 71 years old now and feel  
like a man of 21 years, thanks to Kruschen Salts."

If you suffer aching joints and muscles do what Mr.  
Rosen did—start taking Kruschen now. If free from  
painful twinges, make sure you  
stay that way. Take the little  
daily dose of Kruschen. Don't  
feel tired... lack energy... hate  
work... miss fun... Be cranky.  
You will be amazed what  
Kruschen can do for you!

**HOW KRUSCHEN HELPS YOU:**  
Kruschen is a balanced mixture of six  
natural salts. They help your body  
clear away dangerous wastes that harm  
health. Often kidneys and liver become  
sluggish and poisons are left in the  
bloodstream—the cause of many com-  
mon ailments. Don't wait a moment  
longer, start taking Kruschen now!



**KRUSCHEN**  
SALTS

Trial Size — 1/9  
Large Economy 3/3

GET THAT FAMOUS KRUSCHEN FEELING!  
E. Griffiths (Traders) Pty. Ltd., Box 2449, G.P.O., Sydney. 330.11

ANNABELLE



"Which hand will you have?"

BUTCH



"You're gonna wake th' people up.  
Can't you holler 'Murder the guy' in a  
soft, gentle voice?"

# It seems to me

LATELY I had been  
thinking it was about  
time somebody said some-  
thing nice about the power  
position in Sydney, at least  
from a domestic viewpoint.

I hesitated a little about  
offering any praise on the re-  
duction in the number of  
blackouts, having a super-  
stitious fear that any such  
cheerful thought might be fol-  
lowed by another of those  
breakdowns so common in the  
past. Yet it seemed unkind. I  
could just imagine the City  
Council authorities, glooming  
over their morning tea, saying,  
"You would think people  
would say it's nice not to have blackouts every  
night, wouldn't you? Growl, growl, growl all  
the time a few months ago, and now not a  
pleasant word." And an older, more philosophic  
type replying, "No news is good news, I always  
say."

Those were the lines my thoughts were run-  
ning along. I even saw something cheerful in  
the fact that I had to stumble up the stairs in  
the dark the other night, because a torch had  
ceased to be essential in the daily handbag  
equipment.

And, after all that, what happens? The City  
Council, just when it has begun to win friends  
and influence people, begins to talk about a  
price rise. A figure as high as 20 per cent.  
is mentioned.

Quick, take back all those kind thoughts and  
substitute the nasty one that people have be-  
come so accustomed to kerosene these past few  
years that they'll end up liking it better than  
electricity. And a good thing, too.

A COMMITTEE has been set up in  
Perth to find ways of reducing motor-  
cycle accidents.

It was formed after hospitals had asked for  
one, having pointed out that the shortage of  
beds for surgical cases was due largely to heavy  
demands made by motor-cycle casualties.

Motor-cycles are mostly ridden by young  
people, and the younger they are the less they  
fear death or think about the consequences of  
recklessness.

One idea might be to compel everyone apply-  
ing for a licence to see a film showing the worst  
horrors of motor-cycle accidents, particularly  
perhaps those that do not end in death but  
in crippling.

For though death brings the greatest grief  
to others, for the victim it is not so terrifying  
as the prospect of living a maimed life.

VICTORIAN rail and tram fares will  
be raised shortly.

A rise in fares is hardly news, but it reminds  
me of an odd poster I saw in a Sydney bus the  
other day, evidently issued by the transport  
authorities. It was a pretty pink poster show-  
ing a most realistic representation of a four-  
penny section ticket, and it carried the simple  
words, "A ticket of satisfaction."

Presumably this is intended to give some  
obscure comfort to a straphanging traveller.  
Whether the satisfaction is supposed to stem  
from the honest feeling of having paid the fare,  
I don't know. Maybe it is to stop you from  
looking enviously out the window at some sleek  
three-thousand-pound car rolling by and make  
you satisfied with a tram ticket instead.

By



Dorothy Drain

EVERY now and then  
there comes a piece of  
news which fires afresh the  
ambition in all young  
people—like the story of  
Elaine Fifield, the little girl  
from Homebush, Sydney,  
who has made a sensational  
success as lead in the new  
production of "Coppelia"  
at the Sadler's Wells  
Theatre, London.

Elaine is 20. Dame Ninette  
de Valois, director of the Sad-  
ler's Wells Ballet, says, "She  
will go to the top."

Thousands and thousands of  
people—the great majority—come at last to  
the time when they put away their dreams  
and ambitions. They know they will never set  
the Thames on fire and have to be content  
with the small satisfactions of life.

Some comfort themselves with the thought  
that opportunity didn't come their way, that  
if they had not had responsibilities or dis-  
abilities all might have been different. Others  
philosophically accept the fact that only a  
handful of people realise ambitions.

Between the lot of them, they might be ex-  
pected to dampen the enthusiasm of the young;  
but it takes only one success like Elaine's,  
amid unnumbered disappearances to obscurity,  
to lead them on. And that is one of the things  
that keep humanity going.

JOURNALISTS covering the signing  
of the Pacific Pact in San Fran-  
cisco coined a new word for it—"Anzus"  
—from the initials of the three nations  
involved, Australia, New Zealand, and  
the United States.

I suspect that the coiners came from this  
side of the Pacific. Otherwise it would  
have been "Usanz."

WHEN Eva Peron, wife of the Presi-  
dent of the Argentine, stated tear-  
fully that she had decided not to stand for  
election as Vice-President, some people  
suspected it was because opposition parties  
had stressed the fact that, according to the  
constitution, a candidate must be under  
30. Eva says she is 29, but is generally  
thought to be 32.

Twenty-nine is the sort of age  
Which isn't so much an age as a stage,  
For a woman stays twenty-nine for years,  
And bitter indeed are her secret tears  
When, reaching the age of forty-three,  
She is forced in the face of facts to see  
That the time is shortly due to arrive  
When she'll have to admit to thirty-five;  
And there it is kinder to let her wait  
Till at last she can boast of seventy-eight.

Poor little Eva, torn in strife  
Twixt vanity and her public life,  
For what is the highest office worth  
If you have to produce your proof of  
birth?

Did you  
**PROTEX**  
yourself this  
morning?



I ENJOY THE  
CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



PROTEX IS  
MY CHOICE AS  
A DEODORANT  
COMPLEXION SOAP



BOY—PROTEX MAKES  
YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze  
with Protex, the deodorant  
Complexion Soap with the  
clean bushland fragrance.  
Protex is medicated to  
guard against offending  
infection. Protex is the soap  
for all the family.





# Princess at the palace

● These pictures of Princess Margaret taken for her 21st birthday reveal her as a composed and lovely young woman.

The prospect of her engagement naturally arouses interest and her name has been linked with those of eligible young men.

Her birthday was spent quietly at Balmoral Castle, and the looked for announcement of her engagement did not come then. Only 50 people, more

than half of them relations, attended the birthday ball, but four of Britain's most eligible bachelors were there.

They were Lord Ogilvy, Lord Porchester, the Earl of Dalkeith, and Mr. Billy Wallace.

Margaret's birthday was one of the few days she has been able to plan for herself and she spent it with her family. Her presents included many lovely jewels but one of her greatest joys was her father's gift of a car.



GOLD DRAWING-ROOM at Buckingham Palace forms a setting for Princess Margaret in this picture. She wears a Norman Hartnell model in pale blue lawn patterned with white polka dots, designed with a contrasting darker blue sash and crisp white cuffs and revers.



A CONTRAST in line is this sophisticated evening dress, also by Hartnell. The white satin gown follows the figure from a draped bustline and flares gently to the ground. Bodice is of matt white flower petals, which also form shoulder-straps and a band on the skirt.



# Career-women's part in Peace Conference

## American girl typed treaty on gold-edged ivory parchment

By Dr. EMERY BARCS, who attended the Peace Conference in San Francisco

An American girl, Pearl Inglis, typed the Japanese Peace Treaty, which was signed by 49 nations, on a special typewriter which prints beautiful letters on gold-edged ivory-colored parchment.

Pearl, who is a typist for the highest Department of State officials, told me that the machine she used is designed solely for "real super-super things."

**B**ECAUSE she types all American peace treaties and secret documents, she knows more State secrets than most high-ranking diplomats.

She is a pretty, dark, well-dressed, and well-made-up girl in the late twenties, with homely manners and no phony cloak-and-dagger aura about her.

Women were in a minority at the Peace Treaty Conference at San Francisco, but, although only two were delegates, 90 worked for the various delegations.

As well, many of the delegates and diplomats brought their wives.

The conference was one of the most colorful and important diplomatic gatherings of the past few years. After eleven months' discussion with 51 nations, the Treaty was drafted by Britain and the U.S.A.

It restores Japanese sovereignty and reaccepts Japan into the brotherhood of nations. From the Western viewpoint it does more, because it aligns Japan with the anti-Communist world forces.

Though the leading tone of the conference was simplicity—mainly to save rare dollars for foreign delegations—there was plenty of entertainment, and for delegates' wives, daughters, and the women on the conference staffs ample opportunity for staging an international dress show.

One of the most elegant women was Mrs. P. C. Spender, wife of Australia's Washington Ambassador.

Mrs. Spender told me her dresses were bought in Australia. They certainly provided favorable propaganda for her country.

Another always wonderfully dressed woman was Mrs. Dean Acheson, wife of the U.S. Secretary of State, a slim, tall, dark, interesting woman, who is a successful painter.

I talked to many attractive Latin-American delegates' wives, who take special pride in not getting their dresses at home but in travelling once or twice a year to Paris for their frocks and to London for their tailored clothes.

The San Francisco Conference showed that however

males may make politics and diplomacy, they wouldn't get anywhere without women's help.

The total number of accredited delegates and their staffs at the conference was 472.

There were only two women on the diplomatic level.

Czechoslovakia's Assistant Foreign Secretary, Dr. Gertrude Sekaninova, is a small, plumpish, not unattractive woman in her late thirties.

She led the Czech delegation, spoke English well, though with a heavy accent, and seemed to have a huge wardrobe of classic tailored suits in every color.

During the first two days of the conference she wore four different suits.

On the first morning, she chose pearly grey for the afternoon and black for the evening. For the second morning a light gabardine, and afternoon navy-blue.

San Francisco newswomen found out that Dr. Sekaninova, from Czechoslovakia, spent four hours in a leading Frisco beauty-parlor straight after her arrival. She went through everything American beauticians can offer in making women more attractive—and that's costly fare.

The full treatment runs to more than a hundred dollars, which few can afford, except some Latin-American women.

The second delegate was Mrs. Masa Nakayama, of Japan, member of the Japanese House of Representatives, a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan College, bespectacled, black-haired, and toothy, typical of the less attractive type of Japanese women.

But she has brains. Lots of brains. Mrs. Nakayama is the wife of one of the seven members of the Japanese House of Representatives who dared to oppose World War II in the Tokio Parliament.

Mrs. Nakayama also made history as the first woman of Japan to take part officially in diplomatic missions. In an hour's conversation with me, she told me that Japanese women had progressed centuries within the past five years and were no more the slaves of men or of their families.

One of her ambitions is to visit Australia. She says she had many Australian friends in the Occupation Forces in Japan.

The other 90 women accredited at the conference had less limelight, but their

jobs were by no means unimportant.

Many girls will envy dark, pretty Brenda Chaplin, "Conference organiser" of the British delegation. Brenda is a public servant on the British Foreign Office Staff. She travels with Foreign Office delegations and missions all over the world when conferences are held.

Her task is to make sure that cars for the British delegation are ready at the proper time and proper place and that no one is left behind. She says: "And believe me they are sometimes—they just forget."

She must see that communication lines are available, which means lots of palavers with cablemen, telephonists, and postal bosses.

### Brilliant entertainments

She also organises entertainment. Delegates will say: "We will give a party for a hundred people to-morrow. Fix it for us, will you?"

One of her most delicate duties is to see that the delegation does not exceed its expense account.

"I produce the cash, and, touch wood, I haven't run out of money yet," she said, "I keep my eye on them as best I may, and try to see they don't make too many long-distance telephone calls."

Brenda was enthusiastic about the facilities for the San Francisco conference.



AUSTRALIAN AMBASSADOR to Washington, Mr. Percy Spender, and Mrs. Spender (right) receive guests at a party at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel during the Peace Conference. Next to them are the New Zealand Ambassador to the United States, Sir Carl Berendsen, and Lady Berendsen, then the U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, and Mrs. Acheson.

She said it was quite unlike conferences in many European countries, where there were generally too many people for the cars and hotel accommodation was insufficient.

Every mission invited delegates and women staff members to parties.

The only exceptions, until the Department of State party after President Truman opened the conference, were the five feminine members of the Russian delegation. This was not because the Russian women

were overlooked or snubbed, but because the Russian diplomats forbade them to go to the party.

At the Department of State party the wife of one very high American official took Gromyko up on this, and as a consequence the five Russian girls not only attended the rest of the conference parties but were allowed to visit San Francisco's most beautiful homes.

This tour of homes was organised by San Francisco socialites on the conference entertainment committee.

Two of the most successful

conference parties were the combined American, Australian, and New Zealand dinner at the most posh hotel, the Fairmont Hotel, and the Department of State buffet reception in the equally posh Palace Hotel.

The Fairmont dinner was a black-tie-evening-frock affair for 180 guests to celebrate the American-Anzac Pact.

The Palace Hotel party was informal, to save guests the bother of going home and changing after the conference opening at the San Francisco Opera House.

At the first party, Admiral Nimitz raved to me for an hour about Australia. He wants to come back soon.

At the second party were the most beautiful and elegant women I had seen for many years.

Mink coats in every possible style and full-length and half-length stoles were as plentiful as beach frocks in Sydney on a scorching summer day.

The latest fashion among wealthy American women is to wear "false dress jewellery."

This means that the jewellery they wear looks as if it

were all brass, glass, and plastic, whereas it is solid gold, gems, and finest enamel.

The happiest people at the reception were the Japanese.

One said to me, "At last we are back with the others, and we are very happy about it."

Oddly enough, while the Europeans and Asians mixed easily and happily, most Asians avoided one another, disapproving alleged Asian solidarity and love.

Asians such as the Indonesians, Indo-Chinese, and Pakistanis were especially cool towards the Japanese.

The bearded Indonesian Foreign Minister, Subardjo, snapped at me when I inquired about this behaviour. "You people have short memories. We haven't."

But perhaps it is better to have "a shorter memory" and to try to live in peace and harmony with ex-enemies than to spoil the chances of peace with understandable but useless bitterness.

The Japanese Peace Treaty—the most humane and unrevengeful treaty that has ever been—wants to eliminate such bitterness on all sides in the interests of a better world.

## Parents move for centres to help retarded children

In a recent issue we published an article, "What does the future hold for this child?" written by the mother of a child whose brain was damaged at birth and has not developed normally.

**T**HIS article drew an immediate response from readers.

"The most heartening letter," says the mother who wrote our article, "came from Oakleigh, Victoria."

"It describes how a number of Oakleigh people, many of them parents of backward children, inspired by Pearl Buck's story of 'The Child Who Never Grew' in The Australian Women's Weekly last year, formed an association to help such children in the district."

"The association went to work under the leadership of the local M.L.A."

"After much careful planning and hard work, the association was able to establish a centre for subnormal children, with a specially qualified teacher as supervisor."

"The writer of the letter says: 'The work seemed to touch the civic conscience of most people, with the result that wonderful co-operation and support followed.'"

"The example set by the citizens of Oakleigh has been

followed by other Victorian districts," says the mother whose story we published. "The Victorian Government has recognised their valuable contribution to the welfare of backward children by granting a subsidy to help maintain the centres."

"I showed the Victorian letter to the Progress Association at Connell's Point, N.S.W., where we live. Immediately they decided to help by writing to our M.L.A., Mr. A. J. Williams, to enlist his sympathy and to ask him to bring the idea of the centre before the Minister for Health."

A group of Western Australian parents of backward children is working along similar lines. They hope eventually to get Government help for a clinic, schools, occupational centres, and colony farms.

Their first public move was to call a meeting in a hall lent by the Women's Service Guild, at which an audience of 200 pledged support.

One parent gave £100, another a block of land on which to build.

A well-known children's doctor commented:

"There is no provision in our present health organisation for treatment or for research into cases of brain injury at birth."

"In New South Wales alone there are 8000 children, including those suffering from brain injury at birth, who cannot attend normal schools."

"Many of them could be helped to live useful lives if facilities were available for treatment and special education."



# Wedding of the "King of Cocos Islands"

## Bride's first visitors will be Royal Family

From MARCIA PICKARD, in London

The King and Queen and Princess Margaret will be among the first guests entertained by the new "Queen of the Cocos Islands," who was married in London recently.

With her husband, John Clunies Ross, the King of Cocos, the new Queen, who is 22 years of age, will sail in October for her island home. She was formerly Daphne Parkinson.

At Cocos, Daphne will make preparations to entertain her Royal visitors, and plan to call at the tiny Ocean group of islands on their way to Australia next year.

She met her bride at Oxford when he was studying development and she was doing occupational therapy. Daphne is the daughter of a wealthy Lancashire manufacturing chemist, Cyril Parkinson, member of a famous pill-making firm.

After six weeks' delay because he could not get transport to England, 22-year-old John married his English bride at the 500-year-old parish church of All Saints, Fulham, on August 30.

The date was the third set for the young couple since the announcement of their engagement. Daphne must have felt that they would never be married.

On the morning of the wedding the car carrying her father to the church broke down. A press photographer gave her a lift.

After a 20-minute ceremony, Daphne, typically English, light-haired, blue-eyed, fair-skinned, left the altar in an "uncrowned white dress".

There her was the prospect of a remote group of islands, at which mail-boat only twice a year

and where she will be the only Englishwoman.

Her "palace" is Oceania House, a ten-bedroomed mansion with four bathrooms, a ballroom, billiard-room, and ten acres of garden.

She will have six servants.

Queen Victoria granted John's great-great-grandfather a 999 years' lease of the islands.

John, who said he could not get back to his island heritage quickly enough, pointed out that the building of an air base on Cocos would shortly break the solitude of their lives. The islands are now controlled by Australia.

Wishing her son and his wife joy was Mrs. A. H. Stephens, of Penang, who until her husband's death was "queen" of Cocos.

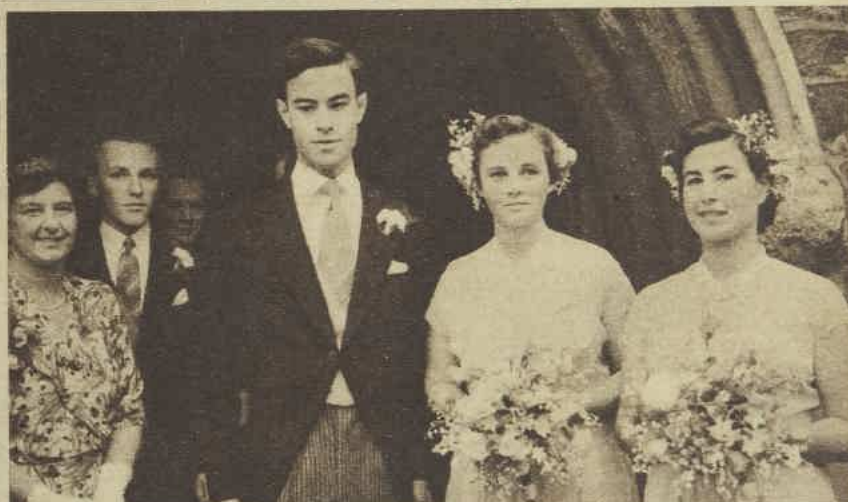
She came to London especially for John's wedding, as did her elder daughter, Iain, now Mrs. Jerome Burnett, of California, U.S.A.

The newlyweds returned briefly from their honeymoon three days later for the second important Clunies Ross ceremony of the week. Ross Burnett was christened in the same little church, All Saints', Fulham, with his uncles John and Charles as godfathers and his aunt Elizabeth as godmother.

Tall eighteen-year-old Charles, who is on pre-embarkation leave from the R.A.F., plans to study at Cambridge when he finishes his National Service.



**CUTTING THE CAKES.** The "King and Queen of Cocos Islands," John and Daphne Clunies Ross, photographed at their wedding reception at the Mitre Hotel, London. The bigger cake was made in Sydney by friends of the bridegroom, and the smaller one was provided in case the four-tiered one did not arrive from Australia in time.



**MEMBERS of the wedding party.** From left, the dowager "Queen" and mother of the bridegroom, Mrs. A. H. Stephens, Stephen Parkinson, brother of the bride, Charles Clunies Ross, best man, and the bridesmaids, Carol Parkinson and Elizabeth Clunies Ross.

## New way to teach English

A new English text book, designed to make children's school life happier, has been written by Donald McLean, headmaster of Bankstown Central School, New South Wales.

**THE** book, "Easy English for Young Australians," is for fifth and sixth class primary school children.

It is the first of a new series of primary and secondary school text books which aim to develop a child's personality as well as teaching him the formal subjects.

Children who generally think of an English book as full of dull grammar exercises will be surprised to find each page illustrated by popular children's author Irma Pearl, better known as Jill Blunt.

They will read letters specially written for them by Sir Donald Bradman, Chips Rafferty, Sir Bernard Heinze, Professor Marcus Oliphant, Miles Franklin, Dame Mary

Gilmore, Norman Lindsay, and Musette Morell.

The book aims to show how to behave, as well as how to write.

Children are taught how to speak correctly, how to greet and introduce people, the correct way to interrupt conversation, and everyday courtesy.

They are also taught how to use a telephone and a library, how to judge a film, tell a story, write a play, review a book, and conduct a meeting.

Typical exercises are:

"What would you do if you were seated in a bus when a physically disabled child entered and was unable to find a seat?"

"What would you do if you were invited to a party but

you had already promised to attend on the same evening a meeting which would probably be very dull?"

"Dramatise a street accident, and show that you know how to summon an ambulance."

Every exercise drives home its point humorously. Typical is this paragraph, which pupils have to punctuate:

"The kind old gentleman found a small boy crying and said: 'I wouldn't cry like that, little man.' The lad was interested. 'How would you do it, then?' he inquired."

The author is a quietly spoken Australian who was born at Broken Hill, New South Wales, and trained as an English and social studies teacher.

He has a 12-year-old son, Donald, who attends Sydney Boys' High School.

Mr. McLean has written several books, including "Speaking and Writing English," "Adventures in Poetry"



**HEADMASTER** of Bankstown Central School, New South Wales, Mr. Donald McLean, who wrote the text book "Easy English for Young Australians."

(with Clare Kinsella), and a set of books, "Remedial Arithmetic" (with A. A. Parkes).

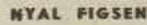
His latest work, "Education of the Personality," is now being published in London.



**SEVEN DAYS** after their wedding, John and Daphne Clunies returned to London so that John, right, could be godfather at christening of his nephew, Ross Burnett, son of Mrs. A. H. Stephens, centre, of California. Elizabeth Clunies Ross, at left, was godmother.



## A vintage-style illustration of a woman and two children. The woman, with blonde hair and wearing a blue dress, stands on the right, smiling and holding a small box. A young boy in a yellow shirt and dark shorts sits on a black tricycle in the background, looking towards the woman. In the foreground, a younger child in a striped shirt and red shorts sits on a red tricycle, facing away from the viewer. The scene is set on a light-colored ground with a green shadow cast by the boy on the black tricycle.



## NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA

A vintage-style illustration of a woman with dark hair, wearing a red patterned blouse, feeding a baby with a spoon. The baby is sitting up, wearing a white shirt with a bow tie. To the left of the baby is a bottle of 'Baby's Own Tablets' with a label that includes the text 'BABY'S OWN TABLETS' and 'WATER-SOLUBLE'. The background is a simple green wall and a wooden chair is partially visible on the left.

## NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP

A man with reddish hair, wearing red and white striped pajamas, is sitting at a table. He is holding a spoon to his mouth and eating from a bowl. In his other hand, he holds a dark glass bottle of Postum cereal beverage. To his left is a lamp with a white shade. The background is a dark, textured wall.

## NYAL HONEY COUGH ELIXIR

A dense arrangement of various Nyal brand baby care products. The items include several dark glass bottles with white caps, some labeled "NYAL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE", "NYAL SMOOTHING SYRUP", "NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE", "NYAL ANTACID POWDER", "NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA SWEETENED", "NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP", "NYAL BABY COUGH ELIXIR", "NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR", "NYAL BABY OIL", and "NYAL WORM SYRUP". There are also white plastic containers of "NYAL BABY POWDER WITH ALPHOZ-". Boxes of "NYAL TEETHING POWDER" and "NYAL FIGSEN THE GENTLE LAXATIVE FOR CONSTIPATION" are visible. A blue box of "NYAL BABY SOAP" is at the bottom right. A red square logo with a white letter 'N' is partially visible on the far right edge.

When buying medicines for children—or adults too, for that matter—dependability is all-important. That's why so many mothers ask for NYAL in preference to any other brand. They know that the name NYAL stands for the best that high-quality ingredients and modern manufacturing methods can produce. For your protection, the formula for every NYAL medicine is plainly printed on the package.

# NYAL

Sold only by Chemists





**NEWLY ENGAGED.** Pretty Averil McLeod and her fiancé, Dr. John Trener, dine at Romano's. Averil is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McLeod, of Roseville. John is elder son of Dr. and Mrs. E. Trener, of Belmore.



**WELCOME HOME.** Mrs. John Bouill (left) offers drinks to brother Edmund Rouse and his bride, formerly Dorothy Rolph, who were married in London recently, at a party given by Edmund's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rouse, of Darling Point.



**GIpsy EARRINGS** were worn by attractive Mrs. Campbell McAulay, who attended the "Evening on the Continent" held at Prince's for the Red Cross with her husband. Red Cross Younger Set will hold their Federation Ball at Prince's on September 24.

## Social Gossipings

**NO** clothes problems are posed by the approaching spring festivities for Mrs. Clive Carney, of Vaucluse, who has just returned to Sydney after a four months' whirlwind tour of England, Scotland, the Continent, and America.

Busy with the unpacking of her trunks and suitcases, Mrs. Carney has bought her race clothes for the Spring Meeting and for the Melbourne Cup, which she attends each year with her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Carney left Australia in the Himalaya and disembarked at Bombay, flying the remainder of the journey to England. Their first visit was to the British Industries Fair, before being caught up in a round of shopping, theatre-going, and meeting Sydney friends in London.

Mrs. Carney told me that the Deputy High Commissioner for Australia, Mr. Edwin McCarthy, his wife, and small son, John, have recently moved into a lovely old home in Kensington, which they have re-decorated most artistically, and are now busily engaged in keeping their garden, quite a large one for the heart of London, in shape.

**GAY** time should be had by all at Narrandera's picnic races on September 25 and 26. Hotel accommodation will be at a premium when visitors from surrounding districts and from Sydney and Melbourne crowd into the town. Each day's races will be followed by cocktail parties and dances in the premises of the Murrumbidgee Club, which have been lent to Narrandera Race Club for the occasion. Social functions are being organised by a committee including Mrs. Bill Fraser, of "Eulo," Darlington Point, Mrs. Alex McCracken, of "Warrani," Narrandera, Mrs. Cecil Lander, of "Ercildoune," Darlington Point, and Mrs. W. Ryan, of "The Homestead," Narrandera.

**INTERESTING** tour through the Baltic countries and Germany brings Judith and Richard Barbour almost to the end of their travels abroad. Richard has been lecturing for Rotary, and they have covered a lot of ground in England and on the Continent this year. For the last part of their trip they were joined by Sally Salfeld and Brian Cohen. The Barbours are planning to return to Sydney on November 5.

**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Robert Calder, of Broken Hill, and his bride, formerly Margaret Ormiston, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, by car. Bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Young Ormiston, of Emerald Hill.



**SIGNING THE REGISTER.** Commercial pilot Clyde Johnston and his bride, formerly June Burbury, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Burbury, of Vaucluse, sign the register in the vestry of St. Michael's, Vaucluse. The couple will live in New Guinea.

**PLANE, train, and ship** will take Bettine Cohen to her wedding in Nicosia, lovely old capital of the Mediterranean island of Cyprus. Bettine leaves Sydney by air on September 26 for London, where she will spend a week before setting out by train and ship for Cyprus with brother Brian, who is at present in London. Bettine, who is daughter of Dr. Cedric Keith-Cohen, of Double Bay, is marrying Donald Silver, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Silver, of Cheam, Surrey, England.

**EXPLOSIONS** from a miniature cannon startled wedding guests as Major Arthur Walmesley-White and his bride, formerly Jocelyn Beale, cut the cake on board H.M.A.S. Albatross, Nowra, after their marriage.

Jocelyn's father, Captain G. H. Beale, R.N., is captain of Albatross. The noise came from a cardboard toy fort on a table behind the cake. Built by one of the officers, it popped out fire crackers "in salute" as the cake was cut with Arthur's sword. He is in the Royal Engineers, stationed in Surrey, and flew out for the wedding.

**AFTER** a month's honeymoon trip motoring up through New England and Queensland to Rockhampton, Betty and Graham Williams have settled into their home at Rose Bay. Betty is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Wilson, of Rose Bay, and Graham is the younger son of Mrs. J. Williams, also of Rose Bay.

**MY** London newshound informs me that Mrs. T. A. Field, who is spending a holiday in London and on the Continent, has bought a chocolate Rolls Royce which she will bring back to Australia with her. Her youngest daughter, Betty, who was married recently in England to Ray Purves, will return at the end of this month.



**WED AT ST. MARK'S.** Squadron-Leader Alexander Webster, R.A.F., with his radiant bride, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Leugene Treweeke, elder daughter of Mrs. Treweeke, of Lane Cove, and the late Mr. G. S. Treweeke. The couple will make their home in England.



**BRIDAL GROUP.** Dr. and Mrs. Harold Hawthorne with their attendants Winsome Aboud and Bill Gibson leaving St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay. Bride was formerly Gwen Corliss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Corliss, of Gordon.

**BRIEFLY:** Last-minute whirl of parties for Peggy and Lewis Keys, of Newcastle, who will spend two years abroad while Lewis does research work in metallurgy. . . . Ex-members of the B.C.O.F. Women's Services 130th A.G.H. will hold their reunion at the Canary Club, Young Street, on September 19, and will discuss plans for the children's Christmas party they will give on December 15.

Anne



**GUEST OF HONOR** Elizabeth Northcott (second from left) and Sheila Collett are welcomed by the chairman, David Hurley, and hon. secretary Bette de Tourret at the fourth annual ball given by the Companions of the Royal Empire Society at the Pickwick Club.



# Rosy Hordern

● Fath designed the slim, black strapless frock, at right. The bodice top has an asymmetrical drape and the ultra-slim skirt a soft, graceful panel.

★ In high fashion favor with Paris designers is the winged swallow silhouette. These models from famous dress houses interpret the new line in various ways.

● Electric-blue and black is the dramatic color combination used for Fath's coat-frock, at left. A wing of twisted mousseline and taffeta slots through the lapel and cascades down to form a half skirt under the curved wrap.

● Two spring favorites, mimosa-yellow and grey, are combined in the coat-frock, above centre. A large scarf is fastened with jewels to the lapel, is swathed across the bodice top, and continues down to form skirt panels.

● The swallow silhouette in Dior's one-piece, at right, is achieved by loops of self material twisted through the belt to form a winged line below the waist. The frock is buttoned unevenly from neck to hemline.



# Pam Notes.



● Paquin designed the cross-over yellow jacket with jutting basque, above. The jacket is worn over a slim, sleeveless frock of yellow and grey wool.



● Incorporating both coat-frock and tunic line is Fath's striking, pink daytime model, above. The flared skirt panels are lined with contrasting coin-spot material. The ensemble is completed by the pink gloves and grey hat.

● From Paquin comes the suit-frock, above right. A crisp white pique vest gives a spring-like touch to the tailored bodice. Fullness is created in the skirt by the use of panels. Note the new cone-like crown of the hat.

● Lined and shaped frocks, folded back and buttoned high at throat, give a swallow winged effect to Jean Deases' waisted jacket, at right. The jacket is belted, has below-elbow cuffed sleeves, and is worn over a narrow skirt.

Dorothea Johnston



She'd  
never  
heard  
of



## HIDDEN HUNGER

— yet it was stealing  
her youth and beauty



Doctors and  
Nutrition  
experts  
agree



that although we are blessed with an abundance of food, "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realise. They say also that you can satisfy your hunger by having three meals every day — and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger" — and our system is hungry for certain essential elements in our daily diet. This means that while we may not feel actually ill we are never really well — and seldom look our best.



### Your Children and "HIDDEN HUNGER"

Do they tend to tire easily? Do they lose weight — or find it difficult to gain? Do they lead other children, or just droop along in the background? These are symptoms of "Hidden Hunger" in children.

Horlicks guards against "HIDDEN HUNGER" because it induces sound sleep, and gives you balanced, easily-digested nourishment.



You must have sound sleep to guard against the effects of "Hidden Hunger". A cup of hot Horlicks before bed soothes your nerves, relaxes your mind and off you go... to replace lost energy and wake refreshed.

#### BALANCED FOOD

You must have nourishing food to guard against "Hidden Hunger", but with today's rising costs it is not always possible to have the kind of foods you want. That is why Horlicks is invaluable in your home. Made from full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat, Horlicks is a balanced,

nourishing food. Taken between meals and just before bed at night Horlicks supplies those essential nutritional food elements your body needs every day to guard against "Hidden Hunger".



#### NERVOUS INDIGESTION

As well as being a balanced food-drink, Horlicks has the added advantage of helping digestion. Taken between meals, it relieves nervous indigestion, and so makes sure that you get the full benefit from your daily food.



In 1-lb. and  
1-lb. TINS

**HORLICKS**  
— guards against

## HIDDEN HUNGER

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H-5

## Nathaniel Adams

Continued from page 8

LETTING his class wait, Mr. Adams phoned Sissie from his office. "Sissie, I must see you right-away. Will you have lunch with me today?"

Sissie agreed, wondering what could be upsetting Nathaniel Adams. With a joyful little pang she fancied she knew, and she was particularly careful with her lipstick and hair.

After all, Sissie Dean was still an attractive woman, not young perhaps, but still attractive. True, her hair was grey and she was a few pounds overweight, but, then, Mr. Adams was not so young himself.

She was disappointed, but her disappointment was soon overcome by surprise and a feeling of real friendship towards Nathaniel Adams. This, too, rather disappointed her, since she had been hoping for a romantic glow.

"But what shall I tell her?" she asked rather sharply. "Tell her anything you please, Sissie! But don't tell her that I had anything to do with it! I don't want her to know that. Not ever. Do you understand, Sissie?"

"Yes, Mr. Adams," she said meekly, thinking that she had been very foolish to imagine what she had imagined.

"Now I want you to be sure to get the prettiest one you can find, Sissie; one that fits her. Now you will, won't you? Something—well, extravagant. Let her try 'em all on till you get the right one. And I don't want you to quibble about the price."

"But I don't know what to tell her," she repeated. "Oh—Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny—make up a story!" he said lightly, glad that she had agreed and the thing was out of his hands. He smiled at her, relieved; he removed his guard and beamed warmly at Sissie, who looked into a face she had never seen before.

It was the face that Aguecheek and Sir Toby saw sometimes when he bent over them anxiously to examine a bothersome back or paw.

"Why, Mr. Adams!" she said, half rising, "how nice of you!"

Mr. Adams looked frightened. He searched quickly for his mask; his "hump" was loud and emphatic, even surly.

"Well, thank you, thank you, Sissie!" he said quickly, rising to his feet. "Got to get back to school now. Thanks again. Good-bye!"

They came in together that night, Sissie and Mary, Sissie carrying the box. She closed the door, but since he was listening for something of the sort, Nathaniel Adams heard the sudden delighted shrieks of surprise from a chorus of feminine voices.

"But, Sissie, I can't keep it!" Mary protested softly, her eyes like candles. "It's too beautiful!"

"You look like an angel in it," Sissie said wistfully, her voice lowered so that the group of excited girls clustering about the dress would not hear. "There's no reason why you shouldn't keep it, Mary."

"But where did it come from, Sissie? Who—?"

"I told you you aren't to know, dear," Sissie said firmly. "That would spoil it. I was instructed to tell you whatever I pleased so long as I didn't tell you the name."

"Did you promise, Sissie?"

"Yes, I promised. But it's all right, Mary, it's perfectly all right for you to have it. And this much I can say: think of it as coming from a real Daddy Long Legs."

Mary stared at her, her face thoughtful. In her mind a pair of long legs advanced up a hill against a field of silvery grass, she saw the long legs mounting the hill, cutting the distance in great, determined strides...

The play was received with enthusiasm. There were even three curtain calls for the whole cast and five for Mary.

### Old English recipes

DO your family menus include Clipping Time Pudding or Huntingdon Fidgett Pie?

If not, your family may prefer Bosworth Jumbels, topped off with Rob Roy Fairies.

The recipes belong to a collection of authentic old English dishes now being served by an enterprising restaurant in Piccadilly (London) to Festival of Britain visitors.

A handful of the best recipes are published in the September A.M.

A.M. now has more pages and more color pages than in the past. Its price is still only 1/-.

As he pulled the curtains together for the last time, Nathaniel Adams continued to watch the girl in the white dress, the dainty dress that made her look more ethereal, yet more desirable than he had remembered a young woman could look. It was the gossamer setting for her pale gold and ivory beauty.

His eyes lingered on her wistfully. It seemed to him that she was as perfect as a perfect line, and beyond that he could conceive of no greater perfection.

She was excited and happy, but she didn't hesitate. She turned to him, her eyes luminous and full of conviction. The skin of her arms, the velvety satin skin of her face as her cheek brushed his, the soft touch of her lips against his mouth, were things he would never forget.

## The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

THE Sterns and their friends thought it was cute to put four-year-old Marcia Stern "on the spot."

When father and mother were both present, the question, "Whom do you love the most?" was thrown at her.

Before long, Marcia learned not to take the question seriously. Usually she would say, "I love everybody the same." In the Stern family, such a question was little more than a parlor trick. But far too often a child is used by parents as a way of hitting at each other.

The Roses, for instance, weren't getting along too well. Before long they had five-year-old George terribly confused. Neither was willing to do anything that might make their boy seem to show favoritism towards the other.

The quick warm kiss, the unspoken words in her eyes, the swift departure, he followed in utter amazement, dazed into immobility.

He was still standing there holding the tattered ends of curtain rope in his hand, his long bony fingers exploring the side of his face, as Sissie Dean approached.

"Well, Mr. Adams!" she said, "it was a success, wasn't it?" She was smiling happily, excited and eager.

He knew that his own face was unguarded and bewildered; he felt a rare and wonderful emotion was separating him from Sissie like a screen, and he did not want to remove it.

"What is it? What is it, Mr. Adams?" she said, looking at him closely.

"I—it's—I must get back to Aguecheek!" he said, backing away. "He's sick! He may die!" He turned quickly, found his hat and coat, and bolted into the night without speaking to any of the people crowding the hall.

Of course Aguecheek was still at the veterinarian's, he had told a deliberate lie, but he had Sir Toby to talk to. He sat in the old rocker in the kitchen and put his feet on the stove while the coffee percolated gently. "Toby," he said, "In such a night as this, When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees

And they did make no noise, in such a night

Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls, And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents, Where Cressid lay that night."

"Miaow!" said Toby politely, spoiling the gesture by yawning and sticking out his pink tongue. He widened his eyes, stretched his claws out of their velvet sheaths, smuggled close to Nathaniel Adams' stomach, curled about a few times experimentally, and began to purr noiselessly.

"In such a night," said Nathaniel Adams, "Stood Dido with a willow in her hand

Upon the wild sea banks, and wait her love

To come again to Carthage." Toby did not say anything, but it was obvious that he thought it was a lot of nonsense. His drowsy purr was melting into sleep.

(Copyright)



"WHOM do you love the most?"

To have to make a choice or to feel torn between father and mother is a most disturbing experience. And even when it's done in play, the "Whom do you love most?" approach is questionable.

All characters in this feature are fictitious.

IT'S SPEEDY!  
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Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy and ruin your health. Quickly, Mentacoe—the famous scientific prescription—circulates through the blood, quickly curing the attack. The very first day the strangling congestion is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokers, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mentacoe tablets at meals and be relieved from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mentacoe is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely satisfy or money back on return of empty packets. Get Mentacoe from your chemist. The guarantee protects you. **Mentacoe** Arrests Asthma & Bronchitis & Hay Fever

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

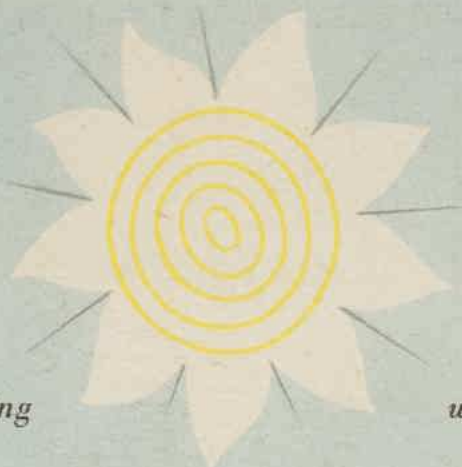
Without Calomel—And You'll  
Jump Out of Bed in the  
Morning Rarin' to Go.

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks grim.

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123. Medium-cup braless, satin and all-over lace, adjustable shoulders. Nude or white; 33-38".  
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If your appearance has been spoilt by the "difficult" skin problems of pimples, acne, open pores—take heart! You can clear up these skin faults with Solution 41. This is the first real relief for such problems. It was discovered by world-famous skin specialist, Dr. Francois Debat, after long research into skin problems. Dr. Debat tested Solution 41 on hundreds of hospital patients, men, women, even children, and in every case results were satisfactory.

Innoxa's Solution 41 is a clear, colourless liquid. It can, if necessary, be used beneath make-up. Even stubborn cases of adolescent acne respond to this remarkable treatment. Mothers of teenage daughters and sons have written thanks to Innoxa for the relief it has given.

If your good looks are handicapped by blemishes enlist the aid of Solution 41. It is available wherever Innoxa Beauty Preparations are sold, including the following City stores:

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**Innoxa**  
OF LONDON



**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): September 18 favors business and pleasure. Friends may help you to a profitable deal, or, if you are employed, plans may develop for a staff party. A meeting with an old friend could be a bright spot.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): The social round may be exciting, but absence from home could cause a storm on the domestic front. Some Taurians, who don't know when they've had enough may experience a digestive upset on September 21.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): As usual you'll be pulled in two directions, home and social life each being a magnet. You'll be tempted to spend recklessly on September 20. Stop, look, and listen!

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Everything this week favors your career. You can with confidence make changes in occupation. September 22 could start a new chapter.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): In the market-place, buying or selling, you can gain on September 20, and find yourself richer in more ways than one. An important purchase may fulfil a long-cherished wish.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): You will find old friends and new company on September 22, when an invitation could start a fresh cycle of social activity. September 23 may bring a headache as an aftermath of too much excitement.

## As I read the Stars

By **EVE HILLIARD**

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Push your interests forcefully on September 19, when the boss, the marriage partner, or friends are prepared to meet you half-way. Business arrangements made then should prove highly satisfactory.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): Social life is likely to be right in the foreground on September 18. Young and impressionable Scorpions will begin a romance, while older folk may join a new organisation, or be more active in one of which they are already a member.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): Clinch that deal which has been hanging fire on September 22. It may well mark the start of an enjoyable adventure, bringing a new influence into your life.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): If in doubt, particularly on September 21 or September 24, the answer is don't act. Stand pat, refuse to be shoved into a decision which could cost you money and personal regret.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Open your mouth too wide on September 24 and you'll put your foot in it. Keep the confidences of others and your own affairs strictly to yourself.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): Make arrangements to step out and be gay on September 22. The stars favor good times with the crowd or the boy friend.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

## OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

- Pest Control.
- Growing Vegetables for the Home.
- September is Seed-sowing Time.
- How to Grow Good Chrysanthemums.

Name of leaflet (one only) .....

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

## CARE of the Very Delicate Skin

Delicate skins are subject to the ravages of winter cold and winds... to summer heat and dryness. The skin loses its natural, smooth healthy vitality; becomes sore, red and chapped, because the natural oils are dried out by the weather. These oils MUST be replaced.

## Oil-rich beauty lotions

Herco Skin Lotion, containing Olive Oil and Lanolin, has been scientifically compounded to help those with a delicate skin. The Olive Oil protects, while the Lanolin replaces that vital, radiant beauty, making work and weather-tired skins soft, smooth, and lovely to touch. Use Herco for skin beauty, from the tip of your head to the tip of your toes.



Glad To Have Visitors —No More Dizzy Turns

It's easy to be the carotid hostess once those headaches and dizzy turns are stopped by the natural action of DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. For kidney action often causes headaches, dizzy turns, loss of energy, backache, rheumatism, puffiness under the eyes. If you suffer from any of these symptoms, don't delay, get DOAN'S today. At Chemist and Stores all over the World.

**DOAN'S** BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

## Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells Home Remedy for Grey Hair

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:

"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the Orlex Compound to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger at very little cost. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."





...that's a job for  
**'DUREX'**

#### BROKEN FINGERNAILS.

Cover a broken fingernail with "Durex" Tape. Trim to shape, then cover with nail polish and you can't tell it's broken. You can also use "Durex" Tape for removing old nail polish.



Now, more tape for your money. With the handy "Durex" Fold Dispenser you now get 200 inches of 1 inch tape for only 1/4.  
100 ins. 1 in. TAPE, 1/-  
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PLASTIC HAND DISPENSER only 3/- Tape 4/11  
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the leather  
sufferer of all  
your shoes.

#### MODERN MANNERS



AN ATTRACTIVE TABLE-SETTING is an artistic triumph for a hostess. It takes care as well as a good knowledge of the correct procedure to follow. The successful hostess has her table set and the dinner well advanced before the first guest rings the door-bell.

## How to give a successful dinner-party

Entertaining to-day is often so informal that it is possible to play the role of hostess and still keep an eye on the oven temperature and the supply of ice cubes.

If you have no maid and no cook—and that is the permanent condition of most Australian homes to-day—how do you go about giving a small, formal dinner-party?

First work out your guest list. Naturally you will invite only those whom you know will find pleasure in one another's company.

Because it is going to be all rather special, why not have written invitations? The degree of formality is up to you.

They may read, "We hope you and your husband will come to dinner . . ." or, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith request the pleasure of . . ."

One thing a hostess must do is be on hand to meet her guests. After you have greeted them at the door and shown them where to put their coats, take them straight into the sitting-room and if necessary introduce them to any people they do not know.

As well as having organised your husband on the question of drinks for the evening, you will make certain that there is fruit juice or soft drinks for those who do not take alcohol.

It is usual to serve cocktails or sherry before dinner, and the dispensing of these will tide over the difficult first moments of any party.

When the guests are established with their drinks and are chatting easily is the moment to slip out and put the finishing touches to dinner.

When it is ready, come to the door and say, "Will you all please go to dinner."

A dinner-party is no time to try out new recipes. Have dishes you are familiar with and can be sure will be a success.

Three courses beautifully cooked and served are a brave enough showing for any dinner-party in a maidless private house.

As a guarantee against

flurry, if you are an inexperienced cook have a cold first course and sweet.

Fruit or fish cocktail soup, iced melon or grapefruit is these days an accepted first course.

Next comes the main dish—hot meat or poultry with vegetables, or there are plenty of luxury casserole dishes that will cut your duties to a minimum—and finally the sweet.

Knives and spoons are set to the right of each place and forks to the left. The implement to be used first is placed on the outside and that which will be required last on the inside.

Table napkins are placed either beside the forks or in the centre of the place.

Glasses are placed at the top of each place, slightly to the right. If more than one glass is to be used, the largest is placed nearest to the place and the smallest farthest away.

It will lighten your husband's burden as host and add a charming air of formal elegance to the party if you have place-cards.

If your guests are all known to each other, write just "Jane," "Tom," "Mary." If some have not met before, then use "Mrs. Smith," "Mr. Jones," "Miss Brown."

If there is a guest of honor, he should be placed to the right of the hostess.

Points to remember in serving are that plates are put down from the left of a guest and removed from the right.

Women guests (beginning with the one on the host's right) are served first, then the men, the host receiving his serve last.

No matter what your natural habit, on the night of your dinner-party eat slowly so that no guest will be left eating when everyone else has finished.

As it is a special occasion, no doubt you will be having coffee and liqueurs.

While it is perfectly correct to serve them at the table, it is more pleasant to have this part of the meal in the sitting-room.

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Johnson's richly-lathering, easily-rinsing Baby Soap for every bath. Johnson's Baby Oil and Baby-Cream to chase away and keep away any trace of chafe or irritation. And, of course, Johnson's famous Baby Powder to keep those tender little skins pearl smooth and sweet all day.



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**A New**

**ENTIRELY DIFFERENT CHOCOLATE BLOCK IS Here!**



**"Fiesta"**

*a feast of flavours!*

**12 TOP-QUALITY CHOCOLATES WITH 4 DIFFERENT CENTRES IN ONE ¼-LB. BLOCK. Look!**



★ ALMOND AND HONEY CARAMEL ★ PEPPERMINT CREAM ★ COCONUT MACAROON ★ CHERRIES IN CREAM

all richly coated with smooth, creamy milk chocolate. Enjoy them soon!

"Fiesta" gives you 12 exclusive, top-quality chocolates in ¼-lb. block form. It's the *finest* chocolate block you can buy because it has 4 exciting new centres... Cherries in Cream, Peppermint Cream, Almond and Honey Caramel and Coconut Macaroon. "Fiesta" is full of wholesome ingredients — ripe cherries, whole almonds, milky coconut and garden honey — and it's richly coated with Mac. Robertson's pure milk chocolate.

Look for the gay, new, star-spangled "Fiesta" wrapper at your confectioner's today. Try a block yourself and take some home to the family.

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The Great Name in Confectionery.



# Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

## ★ Call Me Mister

It is fortunate that Betty Grable has seldom looked more glamorous than she does in "Call Me Mister" (Twentieth Century-Fox), for she is rarely out of camera range during the run of the film.

For some lovely ladies that might be sufficient in itself, but Betty also performs numerous song-and-dance routines—the latter staged by veteran Bushby Berkeley—with ease that will delight Grable fans.

The pitch is felt where taste runs to entertaining story material or first-class modern music.

Here the script comprises what amounts to a long-range quarrel between the estranged vaudeville couple played by the blonde actress and Dan Dailey, who is slightly less exuberant than usual.

The pair meet again in post-war Japan, where he is awaiting discharge from the Army and she is putting on a G.I. show that drips with lavishness but lacks originality and musical value.

Unfortunately, Dan Dailey gets behind the footlights only twice.

Comedian Frank Fontaine, a newcomer, works hard for laughs and amuses in most

scenes, especially his burlesque on Army life.  
In Sydney—Park.

## ★ Caged

**MORAL** disintegration of a young woman who is sent to the crucible of an American prison for complicity in petty robbery is the depressing theme of Warners' "Caged."

The supposedly true character of Marie Allen, the central figure, is well acted by a de-glamorised Eleanor Parker. Her change from frightened girl to potential criminal is well expressed.

But the story itself has no saving grace—in that it begins on a sombre note and ends on a hopeless one.

Timid Marie is pregnant and her husband is dead when she arrives in gaol. The sympathy she receives from Superintendent Benton (Agnes Moorehead) is overshadowed by the sadistic behaviour of Hope Emerson's Matron Harper, who sees that everyone has a hard time of it until she is despatched by one of her victims.

All the tough and weak types who have been doing film service for years appear among the prison riff-raff, and the atmosphere in which they exist carries the conviction

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average

that the whole thing must have taken place before the big prison-reform upheaval of 1944.

In Sydney—Plaza.

## ★ That's My Boy

**GAGS** on everything from psychology to campus capers are shaped to fit the talents of Paramount's Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin in "That's My Boy."

Bifocals and a dire crew haircut make Jerry Lewis look more ridiculous than usual; he also manages to be funny some of the time.

As Junior Jackson, weedy son of a once-famous footballer, played by Jack Mayehoff, Lewis has his funniest moments when, realising that he is not built for athletics, he tries to sell his heavy-handed father off the idea of enrolling him at papa's old college.

He fails, and is for the high jump until pleasant crooner Dean Martin, here a football star, becomes his buddy and secret coach.

After romantic and other complications comes the big game in which Junior earns parental respect and the right to shed his bifocals by kicking that goal that counts.

Newcomer Jack Mayehoff, stage and radio comedian, makes the most of his useful chance at film comedy.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

## News from studios

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

**AS** a teacher of Judo, knife, and bayonet fighting to American troops in World War II, Richard Egan was qualified to step into the top role of Columbia's "Cripple Creek," a bloody, gun-shooting melodrama of the early days in a Colorado gold town. He co-stars with George Montgomery and Karin Booth. A further note on Egan is that he is being seriously considered for one of the three male leads in "Clash By Night."

**OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND**, who left Hollywood a year ago, is bringing her "Candida" legitimate troupe to Hollywood shortly. Previously it was planned that she would star in a road tour of "Romeo and Juliet," in which she starred when the play was on Broadway. But "Candida" proved such a success on the road that De Havilland chose this vehicle for her grand re-entry into the town she left in order to prove her worth on the stage.

**ELSA LANCHESTER** returns to M.G.M. after a two years' absence to appear in "Young Man in a Hurry," co-starring Russel Nype and Ruth Roman.

**GEORGE BRENT** is back in Hollywood from England, where he starred in "Blonde Blackmail." He is scheduled to enter a T.V. film series called "Raffles."

## CITY FILM GUIDE

**CAPITOL**—★ "Texans Never Cry," Western starring Gene Autry. Plus "The Macomber Affair," melodrama starring Gregory Peck, Joan Bennett.

**CENTURY**—★★ "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," period romance starring Susan Hayward, William Lundigan. Plus "Campus Honeymoon."

**CIVIC**—★ "Kiss Tomorrow Good-bye," gangster melodrama starring James Cagney, Barbara Peyton. Plus "Rose of the Yukon."

**EMBASSY**—★ "The Elusive Pimpernel," period adventure in technicolor starring David Niven, Margaret Leighton. Plus featurettes.

**ESQUIRE**—★★ "We Want a Child," Danish film on childbirth.

**LIBERTY**—★★ "The Great Caruso," technicolor drama based on biography of Enrico Caruso starring Mario Lanza, Ann Blyth. Plus featurettes.

**LYCEUM**—★ "Golden Salamander," suspense drama starring Trevor Howard, Anouk. Plus "An Old-Fashioned Girl," starring Gloria Jean, Jimmy Lydon.

**LYRIC**—★★ "The Lemon Drop Kid," comedy starring Bob Hope, Marilyn Maxwell. Plus "Calcutta," adventure starring Alan Ladd, Gail Russell.

**MAYFAIR**—★ "For Heaven's Sake," comedy starring Clifton Webb, Joan Bennett, Robert Cummings. Plus "Motor Patrol."

**PARK**—★ "Call Me Mister," wartime comedy starring Betty Grable, Dan Dailey. (See review this page.) Plus "Insurance Investigator," starring Richard Denning.

**PLAZA**—★ "Caged," drama of women's prison starring Eleanor Parker, Agnes Moorehead. (See review this page.) Plus "Bandit Queen," with Barbara Britton, Willard Parker.

**PRINCE EDWARD**—★ "That's My Boy," comedy starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

**REGENT**—★ "The Flame and the Arrow," period adventure starring Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo. Plus "Three Husbands," comedy with Ruth Warrick, Emlyn Williams.

**SAVOY**—★★ "Kon-Tiki," documentary film on actual Pacific expedition. Plus "Magic Town," starring James Stewart, Jane Wyatt.

**ST. JAMES**—★ "Pagan Love Song," island musical starring Esther Williams, Howard Keel. Plus "Inside Straight," starring Arlene Dahl, David Brian. (Comm. 17/9/51.)

**STATE**—★ "Valentino," romance based on the life of Valentino, starring Eleanor Parker, Anthony Dexter. Plus featurettes.

**VARIETY**—★ "Odd Man Out," crime drama, starring James Mason, Kathleen Ryan. Plus featurettes.

**VICTORY**—★ "The Great Rupert," comedy with vaudeville background starring Jimmy Durante, Terry Moore. Plus "Lady at Midnight," with Richard Denning.

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**1 SHOOTING** of a small-town black-marketeer who re-  
fuses to hand over his money to the Dark Man (Max-  
well Reed), left, so-called because his identity is unknown,  
is witnessed by a passing girl cyclist in a seaside town.



**2 QUESTIONING** Molly (Natasha Parry), the  
young actress who witnessed the murder, Detec-  
tive-Inspector Jack Viner (Edward Underdown)  
realises she will need protecting from the criminal.

## BRITISH THRILLER



**3 BACKSTAGE** at the theatre,  
anxious Viner warns Molly's  
friend Carol (Barbara Mur-  
ray) of danger to Molly.

A SEASIDE background of  
sandy wastes, isolated light-  
houses, and stormy seas provides  
a dramatic setting for a story of  
violent death in J. Arthur Rank's  
"The Dark Man," which stars  
Maxwell Reed, Natasha Parry,  
and Barbara Murray.

A two-way hunt sets the pace  
for the action. On the one hand,  
a killer desperately hunts the  
girl who witnessed his crime,  
and, on the other, police work  
relentlessly to corner the killer.  
The story of the film was  
written by Jeffrey Dell, who  
also directed it.



**4 DANGER** materialises when the  
killer hides in Molly's room and at-  
tacks. Gassed into unconsciousness,  
she is discovered just in time and saved.



**5 VISITING** Carol's country home to convalesce after  
the attack, Molly's whereabouts are discovered by the  
killer. Posing as a policeman, he persuades her to leave  
the house and go with him, ostensibly to the police station.



**6 RESCUED** again when Viner arrives on the scene  
and challenges the Dark Man, Molly is distressed  
when a workman is shot by the escaping killer. Viner  
decides to request army help in hunting him down.



**7 CORNERED** when the army sweep in from one  
direction and the police from another, the Dark  
Man seeks refuge in a fisherman's hut. He keeps the  
fisherman's wife and two children there as hostages.



**8 DESPERATE** last bid for freedom is made by the  
Dark Man when he slips from the cottage and  
attempts to escape by small boat. But Viner sees him  
gives chase, and the pair shoot it out at the sea edge.





## JAN STERLING

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OBTAINABLE ALL LEADING STORES

## The Other Dear Charmer

Continued from page 9

and then—just like that—she was silent, her weight leaning against him.

This, he thought anxiously, this is the end of the day. Here and now we say goodbye and never meet again.

"I want a drink," he said shortly. "There's a nice place a little farther up here."

The zest had gone out of them, like a snapped violin string. And, like that same violin, they could find no melody to play.

"She's waiting," he thought desperately, "waiting for me to tell her the only thing she wants to hear. She wants me to tell her I still love her, and she cannot understand why I have not said it. This is Jill . . . little Jill . . . and I'm hurting her terribly."

A clock struck somewhere in the crowded room, jogging his memory vaguely. "Six o'clock," he said vaguely, and remembered that his train left at six-five. Miriam would wonder where he was, why he was late.

He leaned forward, anxiously aware that Jill was somehow miles away from him—almost as far away, he thought desperately, as she had been all through the past years.

He did hope Miriam wouldn't worry too much. She was such a silly woman in that way, he had to be only a couple of minutes late for her to be at the window, taunt with misery and anxiety, all ready to start up one of those devastating headaches which hung over her life like a threatening sword.

Only last Sunday—he twisted the glass between his fingers—she had been struck down, quite unexpectedly, with one of the beastly things.

There had been dark, angry smudges beneath her eyes, poor kid, but she had managed to smile whenever he spoke to her. A good fighter, Miriam—would she be a good loser, too?

The glass between his fingers toppled slightly, spilt a few drops on the white cloth. He swore, suddenly hating everything. Why had that wonder about Miriam's behaviour in a losing fight come into his mind? What had Miriam to lose, anyway?

If she ever lost him it would be a damned good loss, he thought dejectedly. What kind of a husband had he made her, anyway?

Oh, she always seemed happy enough—but it must be pretty dull for her, stuck down at their sleepy little suburban home, day after day. Not many women would have stuck such a life—certainly not Jill.

He watched her, aware that her thoughts were miles away from him, and saw that she still looked tired, drained of vitality.

He tried to picture Jill, with all her restlessness and eagerness, living Miriam's life.

The clock struck again, and

the thought of Miriam, waiting, was like a growing fever in his blood. Wasn't it tonight they always listened to the Promenade Concert—their own concert, arranged, after hours of careful selection, on gramophone records?

Miriam loved music. He could picture her, there in the room lit only by firelight, leaning back, her eyes half-closed, her lips parted, listening to a favorite concerto or symphony.

There was something infinitely peaceful and restful about Miriam. One felt so safe, so sure, with her.

"Malcolm," Jill's voice broke into his thoughts, and he saw that she was still pale, but that there was a dawning light in her eyes, as if she had just remembered something exciting. "Oh, my dear, I hate busting up our lovely day, but—it's after six."

"What of it?" he kept his voice casual, light, rejecting the part of him that urged him to follow her wishes and dash off for home. "I can remember the time when you thought a day wasted if it ended before midnight. Why don't we do a play or something?"

JILL stood up, twisting her black-gloved hands, her old restless vitality once more flooding through her. It was a queer thing, but somehow, in that brief moment between his question and her answer, she seemed, in a ridiculous, fantastic fashion, to remind him of Miriam!

Some trick of lighting, maybe, or just some strange way in which her lips smiled—but for an infinitesimal space of time he saw, in the woman standing before him, both Miriam and Jill subtly made one. Then, quite abruptly, he knew when Miriam looked at Jill was looking now.

Always after a party or a theatre, or a dance—no matter how much she had enjoyed herself or how pleasant the evening had been, Miriam wanted quite suddenly to go home. It was as if there was an invisible string attached to her heart forever pulling her back to the small house she had made her own.

Puzzled, half irritated, he stood up, and Jill's smile became pleading.

"Don't be angry," she begged him anxiously. "It's been adorable, darling, and I've loved every single moment of it. But it's after six, you see, and I always make a point of being back by six-thirty when I've been to town. Besides," her face flushed adorably, "I wouldn't miss—"

She broke off abruptly, her eyes swimming in sudden tears. She was crying . . . why? Because he had not told her he loved her, because he had built up the entire day on

a foundation of lies and deceit.

"Jill—" he began hoarsely, and suddenly her gloves were off, her bare hands were offered to him, her excitement was bubbling over.

"It's no use, Malcolm," she said, in a rush, "I just have to go now. You see, Henry will be home at seven, and I always like to have the children in bed before he comes."

Her voice wavered, her eyes grew guilty, "I hope you don't mind, Malcolm? About—about everything? I'd like it so much if you would come and see us, one day—you'd like Henry—"

"I'll do that," he told her politely, twisting her wedding ring between his fingers, "we'd love to come . . ."

It was raining when he hurried towards the station. Tomorrow, he thought dreamily, to-morrow he'd have a terrific lot of work to catch up on at the office, but he'd catch the early train and make a good start. It couldn't hurt any chap to have a day off, once in a while—and it had been good seeing Jill again.

He thought of her all the way in the train. The rain was now coming down in a deluge, he hurried out into the muddy street, his collar turned up, and continued to think about Jill.

What kind of a man would this Henry be, he wondered—and how many kids had she? One thing, any kids would have lots of fun with a mother like Jill. It had been wonderful meeting her—made him feel quite a boy again. All day, come to that, he'd felt about twenty, and he could swear Jill had felt that way, too.

It was just like Miriam had said about that chap in the play. What was it? "She represented his childhood, his youth, his first ambitions and ideals. She was a mirror—"

He lifted his chin, stubbornly, and a cascade of raindrops fell from his hat rim in his face. He grinned in the wet darkness. All right then, he'd had a day with Jill, and he had recaptured, for a brief hour, his childhood, his youth.

But now, thank goodness, he was a man—and he was going home to Miriam, who was in love with that man, not with a vague, shadowy, exceedingly awkward boy. Miriam would be building up the fire, hoping he wouldn't be very late—she would have drinks waiting, and a good meal, and then there would be the concert, by their own fire-side, with Miriam—so quiet, so restful, down by his knee.

Somewhere, Jill would be putting children to bed. He'd forgotten to ask her address, but maybe one day, somewhere, they'd meet again. Dear little Jill . . . nice kid.

He pulled down his hat, lowered his head against the rain, and began to run towards home, and his wife.

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**Wuff, Snuff & Tuff**

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





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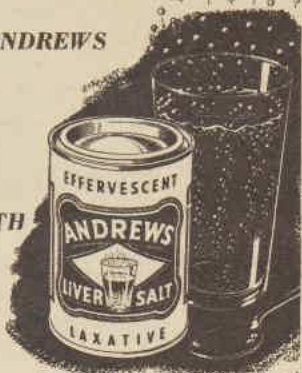
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## C

AROLE laughed, the most delightful laugh John had ever heard.

"My dear man," she said, "you may have been chased away from the party, but it may interest you to know that I haven't even arrived at it yet."

"I can promise you," said John, "that the best is now over; so if you are hoping to enjoy yourself you'd better have a little nip before you go in."

"No, honestly I can't," she said, "there are some people waiting for me and I'm dreadfully late already."

"Some dreary boy-friend, I suppose," said John. "I bet he's gone as Mickey Mouse."

"No, as Humpty Dumpty."

"How awful!"

"... and I really must go and join him. This is his car, for one thing."

"I've only seen one other like it since the war," mused John, playing for time, "and that belongs to the frightful twerp who owns the place we are billeted in."

"Where are you billeted?" she asked with interest.

"Blagthorpe — it's about thirty miles from here."

A soft chuckle came from the semi-darkness. "Perhaps," said Carole, "I could persuade the frightful twerp to ask you up for a drink or something this week-end... I shall be bringing his car back on Saturday night."

"Oh, Christmas!" said John, grinning. "I am sorry... That would happen — old Mother Fortune doesn't let you get away with it for long, does she? There I was, picked up out of the gutter by a beautiful girl in a luxury car. Then she tells me that the car belongs to her boy-friend, who is none other than Sir Arthur Prentice."

"Well, at least she told you that she might be spending the week-end within about four hundred yards of you," said Carole with a long look out of the violet eyes.

John brightened. "Yes, that's right..." He studied the lovely face in the orange light of the street lamps. "Good old Mother Fortune."

Carole looked away. "Now really you must get out or tell me where you want to go."

"Where are we?" he asked. He looked out of the window. "Oh, yes, Pantile Street. Anywhere down here will do fine. We have our car parked in a garage somewhere here... Thanks so much."

He watched the car glide smoothly down the road. As it rounded the corner at the end of the street, she turned and waved. He felt as though he had champagne in his knees.

Oglethorpe was waiting for him in the garage.

"Come along, old man. What happened to you? I thought you were right behind me."

"I was picked up by the most beautiful girl in the world."

"Here we go again! What was her name?"

"I forgot to ask her," said John in a dreamy voice.

The next morning the commanding officer sent for John and Oglethorpe. He was in no mood to be trifled with.

"Look here, you two, I'm getting pretty fed-up with you... What do you mean by breaking up a Charity Ball in Bournemouth? Goats, indeed!" he snorted. "And Sir Arthur Prentice, who saw you there, telephoned me and said that you were both drunk into

the bargain... drunken goats, indeed!" he snorted again.

They smiled encouragingly at their commanding officer.

"There is nothing to laugh about," He leaned forward with his elbows on the desk.

"You are both due to leave the service in three months' time, and you'll behave as though you are still in it until you are out of it... understand?" He then addressed the adjutant, who had been hovering behind them near the door.

"It is obvious, Hawkins, that these two officers have too much time on their hands; for the next month they will do extra orderly officer on alternate days."

"Very good, sir," said Hawkins.

John and Oglethorpe, realising the interview was at an end, took a smart pace backwards, saluted in unison, turned and marched from the room.

On the following Saturday it was John's turn to be orderly officer, so he had no chance personally to find out whether or not Carole had returned Sir Arthur's car.

The next day a pair of captured field glasses stood him in good stead, and from an observation post in a tree John had a clear view of the group of deck-chairs on the lawn outside the french windows which appeared to open out from the drawing-room of Blagthorpe Hall.

AT about twelve o'clock a butler came out with a tray of bottles and glasses and placed them on a small table. The stage was set for the pre-luncheon cocktail. John shifted his position slightly and waited.

An unknown couple came out first, then came Carole, followed closely by Prentice. John was glued to the eye-pieces. Carole looked wonderful, her hair shining in the sunlight.

The party remained on the lawn for perhaps half an hour, and during that time John never took the glasses from his eyes. When they finally stood up to go inside he climbed down from the tree to find Blossom waiting at the foot of it. Long since taken into full confidence, he was bursting with information.

"I've had another chat with the 'housemaid, sir, and the followin' is the situation: The three guests are all members of a theatrical troupe from Bournemouth... they will be stayin' till to-morrow lunch-time, and the fair-aided one you fancy is called Carole Parker... er—my young lady reports that Sir Arthur Prentice seems to fancy 'er, too."

John pulled some twigs out of his hair. "Do you think your friend at the house could slip Miss Parker a note?"

"That she could, sir, and furthermore, I've already warned 'er to be prepared for that kind o' duty." He handed his officer a pink Royal Corps of Signals message pad and a stub of pencil.

John grinned. After considering several different approaches he settled for a straightforward statement of facts.

"Dear Miss P.:

1. There is a place called The Grotto on the far side of Ten Acre Lake.

2. There is a path at the far corner of the tennis court which leads through the wood to this lake.

## Round The Rugged Rocks

Continued from page 13

3. The tennis court is just beyond the lawn where you were having a drink before lunch.

4. The grotto is very beautiful.

5. It is open twenty-four hours a day.

6. Please come.

—The Goat.

As soon as Blossom had left on his errand of mercy, John went to the grotto. At first he felt sure she would come, but as the time dragged slowly by he began to feel less confident, till at last his watch told him it was almost five o'clock, and his heart sank very low.

He had almost completely given up hope when he heard a sound behind him and turned his head. Carole stood at the entrance to the grotto, the afternoon sun backlighting her lovely hair. For a second they stood looking into each other's eyes, then she was in his arms.

"I knew it... I knew it," she murmured. "Oh! darling, things like this just don't happen to me."

"Nor me," murmured John.

John's love affair with Carole was handicapped by two things. First, her season in Bournemouth ended with the advent of October and she returned to London to open in a musical comedy; second, he had to be orderly officer every other day, and was therefore more or less chained to the camp.

Nevertheless, he managed to snatch many a hurried trip up to London to see her.

One Sunday Carole motored down, and the two met at a rendezvous well removed from Blagthorpe Hall, but the expedition was not the success John had expected it to be—Carole did not seem

to fit into the countryside as well as she did before.

Her tweed suit was a little too loud; her make-up seemed thicker than usual, and it was with a sense of shock that John realised that her lovely combed hair had in reality been most skilfully bleached.

They went for a walk, and as they turned back the hedges stood out blackly in the thin frosty air.

John breathed deeply, feeling the first wintry sting in his nostrils. He thought to himself, "How I love this."

Just then Carole said, "How I would hate to live in the country... it's all right for a day with you, darling, but I'd loathe it as a steady diet."

John didn't say anything just then, but it was there, unmistakably, the first small cloud in the sky of his contentment; the beginning of his disenchantment.

One evening at the beginning of December the colonel sent for John. He never entered the orderly room without a feeling of impending doom. But this time he found the commanding officer in jovial, even paternal, mood. He asked John whether he had any plans for civilian life, and, if not, whether he wished to remain in the Army.

John's answer to both queries was in the negative.

He added, "I don't somehow think I would be any good at peace-time soldiering."

"Confidentially, I think you'd be awful, but it is my duty to ask all officers before they leave; so there it is—consider yourself asked."

There was an awkward pause. The colonel cleared his throat and wished John luck, and the interview was at an end.

Please turn to page 41



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ON the 8th of December, 1945, Mr. John Hamilton walked out of the demobilisation centre at Chelsea Barracks with a cheque for £150 in his pocket. In his hand was a chit entitling him to draw a set of clothes and a ration book.

John was not at all sure that he liked being a civilian. He decided to go and see Carole. On the way to her flat he bought a bottle of champagne with which to celebrate.

It was matinee day, so Carole had to dash to the theatre at half-past one, but before she went she mentioned that she was going to stay the following week-end at Blagthorpe, saying that she hoped to wheedle Prentice into financing a play for her.

"Why don't you come down and stay, too?" she said. "He told me to bring anyone I liked."

So it was arranged, and after the show on Saturday night John collected Carole and they drove straight down to Blagthorpe, where Sir Arthur eyed John with obvious misgivings, but offered him a nightcap and some sandwiches before showing him his room.

Besides Carole and John there were three other house guests, two rather dim middle-aged Americans — Mr. and Mrs. Elmer S. Dimbleby — and a nondescript young Stock Exchange sportsman.

Mr. Dimbleby was the founder and head of the famous Dimbleby Dog Food Corp.; he was full of information on the subject.

"Yes, sir," he told the others during the pre-lunch cocktails next day, "I woke up one morning and I said to myself, 'Elmer Dimbleby, there's a lot of money to be made out of dog food,' and I started right in there and then to make it."

An announcement that lunch was ready cut short fur-

ther dutiful cluckings of appreciation and wonder from the other guests; they filed into the dining-room.

John was placed next to Mrs. Dimbleby, and as soon as he was seated she took up the dog food subject again.

John said, "It must be very exciting to know that so many dogs in the world are grateful to you and Mr. Dimbleby."

"Do you know," she said eagerly, "when I've been walking along with Mr. Dimbleby back home many is the time that I have been positive that dogs knew him and were grateful to him."

"How do you advertise dog food?" John asked kindly.

Mr. Dimbleby beamed.

"Well folks, Mrs. Dimbleby and I came to Europe for one reason . . . for one great reason . . . and yesterday we concluded the deal." He looked proudly round the table. "We now own," he paused dramatically, "Sledmere, Queen of England."

The long silence which greeted this mysterious announcement was finally broken by the stockbroker sportsman.

"Congratulations, that is a great horse," he said.

"Sledmere, Queen of England," said Mr. Dimbleby, fixing the unfortunate young man with a withering look, "is an English bulldog. In fact, I might go as far as to say that she is the English bulldog."

Sir Arthur Prentice put in a word. "That's very interesting, Dimbleby. Does the purchase of this dog have any connection with your business?"

"Why, sure it does!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Dimbleby in unison.

Mr. Dimbleby continued: "My whole purpose in buying the Queen of England was so that we could have a whole

## Round The Rugged Rocks

Continued from page 40

new publicity campaign for our product starting in the New Year. All over the country we will have big twenty-four sheet posters with her picture on it, and a big splash caption: 'The Queen of England eats Dimbleby's Dog Food'."

"I think it might be nice to check with Buckingham Palace first," murmured John as he bent over his plate.

For the rest of the week-end the subject of dog food was always just around the corner, and during one of the many times it came out that Mr. and Mrs. Dimbleby were both disappointed that the purchase of "The Queen" necessitated their immediate return to the States.

"I must take her back at once so that my advertising branch can get to work on her right away," Mr. Dimbleby explained.

"The big campaign starts January 1. Mrs. Dimbleby is very disappointed, as she had looked forward so much to

*"Twenty years of romance make a woman look like a ruin, but twenty years of marriage make her something like a public building."*

—Oscar Wilde.

visiting Paris and Rome and I had it in mind to pick up a few of those Impressionist pictures that everyone back home is collecting right now."

John murmured sympathetically. The conversation really interested him now. A plan had come to his mind.

Mr. Dimbleby went on, "Yes, it's a great disappointment to us both that we can't send the Queen back to the States alone, but someone must go with her, and we have no one over here we could trust to do it for us."

"I'll take her over for you," said John, his plan coming into the open.

Mr. and Mrs. Dimbleby were at first dumbfounded, then completely overjoyed at this suggestion; the rest of the day was spent in completing the arrangements.

John was to pick up the Queen in London on the following Wednesday morning; he would arrive in New York four days before Christmas. The Dimblebys, who were nothing if not thoughtful, started writing a sheaf of letters of introduction to people who, they assured him, would be delighted at the prospect of a total stranger sharing their Christmas dinner with them. Then Mr. Dimbleby broached the subject of expenses.

"Mr. Hamilton, I cannot tell you how grateful we are to you for this magnificent gesture, and, believe me, I don't want you to be out of pocket one red cent as a result of your kindness. I'll make all the arrangements for your travel and, knowing how tough your British regulations are about taking pounds out of England, I'll have one thousand dollars put in your name at the Chase National Bank."

"Of course, my Vice-President, Mr. Schumann, will meet you and take care of your hotel and anything else you may need. But this way you'll have a little spending money

to get along with."

John's brain reeled at the realisation that for taking a dog on a free trip to New York he would be paid more than twice as much as his army gratuity after six years of war service.

When Carole cornered John alone, she was furious.

"I think the very best you could have done would have been to ask me first. After all I have done for you, I surely deserve some slight consideration."

John was staggered by the onslaught. "After all you have done for me?"

"Well, who brought you to Blagthorpe in the first place?"

"The War Office."

She stamped her foot.

"That's typical. You make fun of everyone and everything. You were downright rude at lunch to the Americans and you haven't addressed a civil word to Arthur since we came here. You've been perfectly odious."

"In that case you ought to be very happy that I am going away for a while."

She stamped her foot again and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, you're insufferable. And now you have started sponging off Americans . . . I think you are despicable and hateful. . . . I don't know why I wasted my time on you. . . ."

She waited for him to reply, but John said nothing; he stood looking at her with a little half smile. The silence became unbearable for Carole. She slammed out of the room. Later a maid came down with the news that she had retired to bed with a headache.

On the day John was to pick up the Queen, Oglethorpe, who had been demobilised a week earlier, came down to see him off. After a luncheon suitable to the occasion they proceeded to the Dimblebys' hotel.

All was in readiness — Mr. and Mrs. Dimbleby and Sledmere, Queen of England, were waiting for John.

The Queen herself looked to John's unpractised eye exactly like any other bulldog he had ever seen. She fixed him with a dreadful red-rimmed eye.

"Good dog," said John as an opening gambit.

The hackles on the Queen's back rose stiffly; she emitted a fearsome warning. John retreated to the far end of the room. Mr. Dimbleby laughed.

"Isn't she a character?" "I hope she'll grow to like me," said John, "after all, we are going to spend a certain amount of time together."

"Oh sure, you haven't a thing to worry about."

John looked doubtfully across at the Queen. "What does she eat?"

Mr. Dimbleby produced a sheaf of papers from a folder.

"Right here is her diet — every meal for every day from now until she arrives in New York. You will notice that each day she is to have a little bit more of Dimbleby's Dog Food and a little bit less of the rest. Right now she only takes a few ounces daily, mixed in with the other food, but by the time you see the Ambrose Light Ship she will be eating it exclusively."

Please turn to page 43



Naturally I keep to

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(Red like wild cherries)



GIBSON



SPECTATOR

*Carmelletes*

starred this spring in New-York designed

Yes! Real red shoes, luscious ripe-red shoes, shiny and tempting as newly-plucked cherries, will twinkle across the pavements this season!

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**Brisbane:** McDonnell & East Ltd.; T. C. Beirne Ltd.; Mathers Pty. Ltd.; Allan & Stark Ltd.

**Rockhampton:** McDougalls Ltd.  
**Adelaide:** Myers Emporium (S.A.) Pty. Ltd.  
**Perth:** Cecil Bros. Stores Pty. Ltd.; Boans Ltd.; Alex Kelly Pty. Ltd.  
**Hobart:** O'Connor Shoe Stores Pty. Ltd.  
**Louceston:** Rules Pty. Ltd.

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177 St. George's Terrace, Perth.



At last the car that was to take John to Southampton arrived; the last good-byes with the Dimblebys were exchanged.

John managed to persuade the dog to follow him out of the room by the simple method of showing her a lamb chop which he had thoughtfully brought with him in case of emergency.

Downstairs a large limousine awaited him in which the dog's luggage was already stowed. This included several spare collars and leads, some blankets, a most embarrassing dog's coat made from a Union Jack, and a package containing a dozen large tins of Dimbleby's Dog Food.

Once aboard his liner, John took the Queen to the luxurious kennels and handed her over with her diet sheets to the attendant.

"I'll come and see her a couple of times a day, and let me know if she gets seaisick." He pressed one of Mr. Dimbleby's pound notes into the man's hand to give weight to these instructions.

The second day out from Southampton found John, none too robust a traveller, walking gingerly around the promenade deck.

On the third day the sea relaxed a little, so he visited the Queen; she seemed more friendly than before. The kennel steward reported that she would eat anything he gave her except the dog food.

In mid-Atlantic the weather became positively summery, cloudless sky and glassy sea. John entered the ping-pong tournament and reached the final, where his opponent was a Mrs. Polliniri, a very attractive American of thirty-six or thirty-seven, meticulously and miraculously preserved. He allowed her to win.

Patricia Polliniri was the divorced wife of Mario Polliniri, hotel multi-millionaire,

and it seemed a foregone conclusion that a lively flirtation should spring up between her and John.

The rest of the trip passed quickly, and before he knew it John was standing beside Patricia Polliniri gazing at the New York skyline.

It was a cold, hard, crystal-clear day with an ice-blue sky. The thermometer was glued to the zero mark and the overflows from the heating systems made white streamers blowing off the tops of the skyscrapers.

The downtown section passed slowly by, the canyon-like streets between great towering cliffs of buildings etched sharply in the wintry sunshine and pure air.

As the ship was turning slowly into her berth, John went down to the main saloon to complete his landing card for the immigration authorities. He was soon through the necessary formalities and was presented with a landing card for himself and one for Siedmere, Queen of England.

He went to collect the bulldog. She seemed genuinely friendly now and submitted to the strapping on of the Union Jack coat, and the affixing of a heavy leather and brass collar which would have looked much better on a cart-horse. The kennel steward was quite sorry to see her go.

"A real lady, sir, and no trouble at all really, but," he lowered his voice confidentially, "if I was you, sir, I'd throw the rest of that Dimbleby Dog Food away. She'll never touch that stuff and I don't blame her."

John thanked him and led the Queen down to his cabin.

A man was waiting for him there: a short, fat man with a cigar, a Derby hat, too-even teeth and a hearty manner.

"Well . . . well . . . well," said the man, seizing John's

Continued from page 41

hand and pumping it up and down. "My name is Schumann and I'm certainly glad to meet you, Mr. Hamilton."

Yes, sir! Elmer Dimbleby cabled me that you were bringing the dog over for him and I came right down here this morning as soon as I got up so that I'd be on the dock when you stepped ashore."

He winked. "However, I managed to pull a few strings at the gangplank, so here I am right up on board to bid you welcome."

Mr. Schumann became aware that the Queen was staring impassively at him.

"Hi, there, pooch," he said gaily. "How's tricks? You look great, kid."

He poked the Queen in the ribs. The great jaws snapped together and the teeth missed his wrist by a fraction of an inch. Mr. Schumann leaped on to the bed in terror as John soothed the animal, explaining, "She's a bit tricky with

"Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example."

—Mark Twain.

strangers. She scared me to death the first time I met her, but we are great pals now . . . aren't we, old girl?"

The dog did not reply. "Well, keep a good hold on that lead, Mr. Hamilton," said Mr. Schumann. "If she starts biting the reception committee, we're going to wind up with a lawsuit instead of a publicity campaign."

John felt incapable of an adequate reply. Mr. Schumann climbed nervously down from the bed; the Queen watched him closely.

"Yes, sir," he told John enthusiastically, "we have a great little reception waiting for you on the dock—twenty models, the most gorgeous dolls you ever laid your eyes on, and a twenty-five-piece brass band. . . . Then we have an escort of motor-cycle cops to take us to the hotel. And have we got a great gag there! We've taken the bridal suite and we've organised a male bulldog! Now these two are supposed to be engaged, see?"

"So, she comes all the way over from England to marry this male dog and we have arranged to cover the wedding breakfast on television—both dogs sitting up in bed with their breakfasts on a tray, and what do you suppose they will be eating? Why, Dimbleby's Dog Food, of course."

John's brain reeled. "I don't know whether she'll like so much attention," he said weakly.

"Oh sure she will. . . . Let's get going." Mr. Schumann looked warily at the Queen. "I think you'd better lead the way." He stood aside to let John and the dog pass.

Looking back on the next few minutes, John never could summon more than a hazy recollection of what actually took place; it all happened with incredible rapidity.

He led the way carefully down the steep incline of the gangplank, holding a small suitcase full of dog food in one hand and the dog's lead in the other; he paused at the foot of the gangplank because a man rushed forward and

said: "Hold it there, Mr. Hamilton."

Then thirty or forty flashlight bulbs went off in his face, leaving him in a temporary state of total blindness.

The reaction on the Queen was electric. She jumped straight up in the air with her legs absolutely stiff; when she landed, she let out a fearsome roar and took off like an express train. John was pulled off his feet and for several seconds, like a game jockey clinging to the reins of his late mount, he was towed along the ground.

As he whizzed between trunks and golf-bags his sight slowly returned and he had a momentary glimpse of a dreadful cardboard kennel built to look like Buckingham Palace: DIMBLEBY'S DOG FOOD was emblazoned on a standard at the masthead.

Stationed around the palace, and carrying toy rifles, was a bevy of unbelievably beautiful girls all dressed in the uniform of Guards. There also was a large brass band, which at that instant saw fit to strike up "There'll Always Be An England."

Then the real shambles started—a powerful square-jawed woman in tweeds aimed a whack at the Queen's head with an umbrella, but the blow landed with its full force across the back of John's hand. Uttering a yelp of pain, he unclenched his fist and the Queen was free.

As she took up a stand glowing menacingly, the show-girls broke and ran. So did the Queen, snapping at everyone within reach, and a snow-storm of sheet music filled the air as the wretched band stampeded from the scene. Half of them tried to find sanctuary on the ship, but the master-at-arms on duty at the foot of the gangplank, finding himself suddenly rushed by a uniformed mob, became convinced that an armed party had been sent to seize the ship.

"Repel boarders," he roared, and floored a wild-eyed saxophonist. More sailors dashed down the gangplank and a pitched battle ensued.

Several subsidiary fights broke out and a near riot was on when the shrill blast of a police whistle rent the air.

John picked himself up. Those round him were far too busy hiding behind each other to notice him, so he retired discreetly into the background and awaited events. The police arrived and order was gradually restored. A sack was thrown over Siedmere, Queen of England and she was carried away by two men wearing thick leather gloves.

As John was waiting for an official to look for cocaine in his two small suitcases, he examined his own situation. He was in a strange city in a strange country; he had fulfilled his obligation to Mr. Dimbleby—he had delivered the bulldog to Mr. Schumann in New York; the fact that the bulldog had caused pandemonium was not his fault.

He held a return ticket to England and he had been led to believe that 1000 dollars had been deposited in his name at the Chase National Bank; it was three days before Christmas; he was twenty-five and sound in wind and limb. He considered the situation to be sound, and fraught with possibility.

To be continued

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## Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, **LOTHAR:** His Nubian servant, have at last found the city of jewels in a warm forest in the heart of the polar regions. While on the ship **PRINCESS NARDA:** Waits with **MUNDEN:** Mandrake follows

**He examines the art--a mosaic made of glittering gems--there must be people here, we saw that boy in the forest--and Munden described a girl he saw here.**



**Suddenly, a lovely girl appears in the archway, holding a slim spear made of solid emerald? She looks anxiously at them, then seems to say--"No, you're not the one--"**



**"Please don't be afraid," Mandrake tells the struggling girl. Meanwhile, outside the house--**



**Then, she hurls the emerald spear at Mandrake. He gestures hypnotically--**

**The spear seems to reverse in mid-air, and slam into the wall near the surprised girl.**



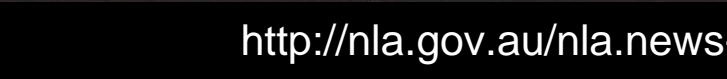
**The boy from the forest runs to the girl's aid. Tyrannosaurus Rex sticks its head into the room, unable to enter farther. "What is all this?" groans Mandrake.**



**"They were lost in a snow storm, but we won't stop looking until we find them," Munden assures Narda. "Don't worry, those two can take care of themselves."**



**Meanwhile, in the fabulous city of jewels? I'm not afraid of you, the girl replies. "Where did you learn our language?" asks Mandrake. "From him, who was here," she replies. "Oh, Munden, and where are all your other people?" Mandrake asks.**



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## "Listen to me Mum..."



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**Delicious,  
VEGEMITE**

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ACID STOMACH

**QUICK-EZE** for INDIGESTION!

## PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

• Perry Mason, famous lawyer, and Della, his secretary, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Adams, when Ilya Adams gets a phone call from her first husband, David Bidon, whom she had thought dead. Perry asks if she is sure it is Bidon's voice.

I-YES-I'M SURE... MR. MASON, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US! IT'S NOT JUST US, IT'S THE BABY TOO.

ISN'T THERE SOME LEGAL ANGLE? WE'VE BEEN MARRIED TWO YEARS. THEY KNEW EACH OTHER TWO MONTHS.

THE FACT REMAINS--DAVID BIDON WASN'T DEAD WHEN YOU MARRIED, DR. ADAMS. BUT I WANT ILYA TO CHECK BIDON'S IDENTITY AGAIN--JUST TO MAKE SURE! THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE...

COME ON, INFANT, YOU'RE GOING TO BED.

THEY'VE GOT MANILA, MRS. ADAMS. NOW REMEMBER--ASK HIM QUESTIONS ONLY YOUR FIRST HUSBAND COULD ANSWER!

AND IN MANILA--

ILYA! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER CALL BACK--I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU--WHAT? DON'T YOU REMEMBER MY VOICE?--SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME?

POOR DAVID, WE HAD SUCH FUN TOGETHER. HE WON'T UNDERSTAND...

OF COURSE I BELIEVE YOU, DAVID, BUT I JUST WANT TO BE SURE... DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIME WE RAN INTO A FLOCK OF GUINEA HENS AND KILLED...

ACCORDING TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT, DAVID BIDON IS DEAD. BUT--

IF YOU REMEMBER--THEN I'LL KNOW YOU'RE ALIVE!

HOW COULD I FORGET! WE RAN INTO A FLOCK OF GUINEA HENS AND KILLED EIGHT OF 'EM. IT COST ME FIVE POUNDS.

ASK ME SOME MORE QUESTIONS, ILYA. I'LL BET YOU DON'T REMEMBER THE FIRST PRESENT I EVER BOUGHT YOU--A BLACK NEGLIGEE. REMEMBER THAT?

HE REMEMBERS EVERYTHING--EVERYTHING...

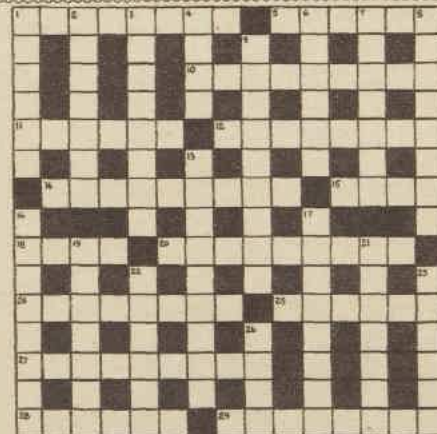
TO BE CONTINUED

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
1. Diana swallowed a State in the Middle East for a Conservative leader (8).
  2. Pig's part through a basket (6).
  3. b equals... (5, 4).
  4. Inventor to be found on side (6).
  5. The sound of "n" (8).
  6. Repair, I cannot, tells the beggar (9).
  7. Pause about a canonized being (4).
  8. Victim of fratricide (4).
  9. Actors arrive and I mixed with sand (9).
  10. Non-existing country abounding in gold (6).
  11. Cooked a short street with sheep and copper (6).
  12. Cleverly contrived mixed gin in French acknowledgements of debt (8).
  13. Burned possibly because it started with sin (6).
  14. Ten creep in make-believe (8).

Solution to last week's crossword

GRANDOLDIARY S B  
E I M A OSCAR  
FINEFEATHER H A  
G C N E SPOON  
ENDED ADDRE O D  
M O E R CLIO  
A U R M A R I A M F  
N A B O S F R A N C  
C L Y E A S T O T A  
I T E M E R E I  
P E S I N D E E S S E N  
A U D I T L B Y  
T O R E P A T R I A T E D  
E L E M I N T I  
D D P R E D O M I N A T E



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Silencing pad but good cake in Australia (8).
2. Noise in tender mute (7).
3. A small room for a start at the back of the nose (8).
4. Mixed man cannot walk (4).
5. High card with a spasmodic contraction is pertaining to vinegar (6).
6. It proves the will (7).
7. Crooks again (8).
8. Introduced but mainly felt indignation (9).
9. Grant particle carrying electrical charge in a musical instrument (9).
10. Gathering place for professional loafers? (8).
11. Fog corrode and feel no confidence (8).
12. Plant that develops wood in interior of stem in French bound and ends in French (7).
13. Recent heavenly body which is invisible (2, 4).
14. European country (6).
15. Cite as proof Mussolini after the year of Our Lord (6).
16. I and you back about an employer (4).

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# Hard-working kelpies earn their tucker



**DON O' CURRAWANG.** This red-and-tan kelpie, owned by Mr. J. H. Goodfellow, of Lake Cargelligo, N.S.W., was ranked among the dozen top kelpies of Australia. He was placed in 50 trials.

**HOLDING.** Spadale Jeff, owned by Mr. Tom Brennan, of Melbourne, holding a mob of crossbred wethers. Dogs are directed by their masters when holding. Very good ones can hold up to 1000 sheep for hours on end.

Sheepmen say that a kelpie is as good as a couple of men when mustering and that they are among the finest working dogs in the world.

No small proportion of the annual wool shearing, which rose to £63,633,574 in 1950-1951, is due to the efforts of sheepdogs, foremost among them the kelpies.

WITHOUT the assistance of trained dogs much of the country now used for running sheep could not be worked.

The dogs round up sheep from high gullies and places inaccessible even to men on horseback.

The true ancestry of the kelpie is likely to remain a mystery. No records are available which go before 1870.

The truth probably is that the breed was originated through the combination of two or three strains of brilliant working collies in which two characteristics of the present-day kelpies were notable, namely, prick ears and smooth coat.

These dogs were bred together and from them evolved the now famous short-haired, prick-eared kelpie.

Long-haired, rough-coated collies of the type popular in Britain were Australia's first flocks in South Wales.

With the expansion of the colonies and the spread of settlement in the Blue Mountains and the south, most of these breeds were found to be unsuitable.



**STYLISH NATURE.** Mrs. Kath Lamara does not hesitate to produce her kelpie, Millgrove Bing, to a new-born lamb.

By A. D. PARSONS,  
kelpie breeder and judge

ever held in Australia, at Forbes about 1873.

Among the first to train kelpies for sheepdog trials were Messrs. King Bros. Indeed, most of the information as to their history given here was supplied by Mr. Walter King, the last of the Kings, of Hanging Rock and Woolengong Stations.

Mr. King is now well over 80 and is a brother of Mrs. C. B. King and Mr. Henry King, of Messrs. King Bros. The brothers bred innumerable good kelpies from about 1873.

One of the best of their kelpies was Biddy.

Biddy won the Sydney Sheepdog Trials in 1902 and was one of the first of the famous kelpies said to have "put the chicken in the jam tin."

About 1890 another breeder was beginning to make a name for himself with working kelpies. He was the late Mr. John Quinn, generally regarded as the greatest authority on the working kelpie Australia has so far produced.

In 1898 Mr. Quinn brought a blue kelpie called Coil to Sydney for the trials. In his first round Coil secured 100 points. That night Coil broke his leg. Mr. Quinn set the leg and Coil competed in the finals the next day. Once more he secured 100 points. The judges could not deduct a single point for his working.

No sheepdog bred in Australia has equalled this performance. Several have scored 100 points for both heat and final rounds, but never with the handicap of a broken leg. This dog is often referred to as the "Immortal Coil."

Coil was mated to Biddy and this union produced Biddy's Daughter, winner of the Sydney Trials in 1906. During this period—1890 to 1910—the kelpie reigned supreme as the king of all sheepdogs. Nearly all the best present-day working and trial kelpies trace back to these famous dogs.

Kelpies are not rare now as suburban pets, because breeders show them, and many are sold to city dwellers.

Though their intelligence makes them good companions this fine breed is really out of place in a backyard.

They belong to the paddocks and the stockyards, where they do more than a day's work for their tucker, sometimes toiling almost round the clock, and seeming to enjoy every minute of it.

● Kelpie sheepdogs, tireless, patient, and gentle, will be put through their paces for admiring crowds to watch at the Royal Melbourne Show, which starts on September 20.



**SPADALE JEFF.** Victorian Kennel Control Council Champion, 1950, five-year-old kelpie owned by Mr. Tom Brennan, of Melbourne, is getting ready for this year's Royal Melbourne Show, September 20-29. His progeny are on the job all over Australia working sheep.



# Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear  
or cut out  
ready to make



"FEDELMA": A summer dress styled with a scooped-out neckline and scalloped frill. The material is cotton haircord, printed in red/white, green/white, navy/white, and tan/white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 52/5; 36 and 38in. bust, 54/11. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 49/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

"FELICITY-ANNE": A smart one-piece with a white organdie bib-front and black velvet bow-tie finish. The material is cotton check gingham, available in red, blue, and white; blue, green, and white; and green, apricot, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 55/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 57/11. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 49/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 45/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 54.

## DRESS SENSE . . . . .

By Betty Keep

● A practical spring idea is the one-piece dress with the two-way neckline. It is suitable for day or late afternoon wear and solves the problem of the reader whose letter appears below.

"AS an office-worker and follower of Dress Sense, I would like a suggestion for a frock suitable for me to wear to the office and yet be nice enough for the times I meet a friend after work. I am 22, and not fond of the frock-and-jacket idea."

The dress with a two-way neckline, illustrated at right, is versatile, has chic, and is, I consider, an excellent dress for office and after-office wear. The large sketch illustrates it ready for party-going occasions. The small sketch shows it correct for the office. Shantung would be a perfect material. Color scheme—cocoa-brown and white, brown for dress, white for buttons and accessories.

### Organdie day frock

"I HAVE been given some white cotton organdie, but there is not quite enough to make an evening dress. Would it be suitable to wear in the daytime?"

Yes, it would! Jacques Fath has popularised the white lingerie dress, mainly in cotton organdie, for afternoon wear. Dresses in this category have circular skirts and shirt-waist tops finished with billowy sleeves. To make the skirt "ripple" it is necessary to wear a petticoat "crinolined" or stiffened in some way at the hem.



ONE-PIECE dress with two-way neckline is smart and practical for spring.

### Travel wardrobe

"I DO hope you will help me with advice about clothes for air travel. I am accompanying my husband on a business trip abroad, and would like a suggestion from you about a planned wardrobe. My husband is not taking dinner clothes, so I do not require an evening dress. I am 35, but I look younger."

A six-piece ensemble is a practical idea for air travel. A tailored suit accounts for two of the six pieces; a dressy blouse, a long-sleeved shirt blouse, and waistcoat for three more, a skirt in jersey (picks easily), made ballerina length, is the sixth unit. The suit will be your all-purpose, daytime outfit, worn with the shirt blouse or dressy blouse, according to the formality of

the occasion. The dressy blouse and ballerina skirt are for five o'clock onwards, the suit skirt, shirt blouse, and waistcoat for casual wear. Material for the suit and waistcoat depend on the season and your destination, the color scheme on personal taste, but I advise a dark color.

Charcoal would be my choice. A "must" for travel is a topcoat, and so is nylon underwear.

### Skirt silhouette

"I HAVE two problems I would be grateful if you would help me solve. I am making a narrow skirt for a new suit, and want it eased a bit in some way. My other request is for a color to trim a brown dress."

Unstitched darts at the waistline like those of men's pants will give ease to a skirt silhouette which is otherwise slim. A pale, true pink is a provocative accent for brown.

### 'Melon' beret is chic

"WOULD you help me with a millinery problem? I want my milliner to make me a beret in white for a spring suit. Please suggest a new shape and material. I don't want it in straw."

A "melon" beret shaped in sections would look chic for spring in white pique or white grosgrain. This idea originated in Paris, and was designed by Jean Patou.

● If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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**FOCAL POINT** of living-room which faces the massive window wall in Mr. and Mrs. David Martin's Melbourne flat, for which a color scheme of soft greens, blues, and raspberry, with lemon for contrast, was chosen. View windows give an effect of space throughout.

## Variety artist worked out decor for flat

By EDNA HORTON LEWIS

Interior decorating is the hobby of variety artist and compere Wally Boag, who recently chose the furnishings for Mr. and Mrs. David N. Martin's flat at "Stanhill," Queen's Road, Melbourne.

**WORKING** in his spare time in the workshop of the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, he painted furniture and accessories and upholstered chairs.

The basic colors he chose were grey-green, dark green, grey-blue (nearly turquoise), and raspberry, with yellow and off-white added for contrast.

The carpet throughout is grey-blue, and the walls are grey-green, except for the tapered entrance hall and one wall of the bedroom, which is a warm raspberry tone.

Yellow is introduced in the patterned linen used for curtaining the window at the dining end of the living-room, as a loose cover for an upholstered chair, and flounce for the divan.

Dark green is used for some of the painted furniture.

In the entrance hall a boldly patterned paper contrasts with the plain walls of the rest of the flat. The magnolia design is large, but the coloring is muted so that it is not overpowering. Soft greys with touches of yellow and green predominate.

The simplicity of the furnishings used heightens the ef-

fect of the panoramic view from the enormous windows which form one wall of each room.

Semi-transparent curtains of silk marquisette have been hung over portion of these windows to soften the south light, but these do not lessen the effect of space.

Part of the L-shaped living-room can be shut off by folding doors to make a guest-room. For this reason a divan is included in the furnishing scheme.

As the flat is centrally heated, there is no fireplace, so a focal point has been created in the living-room by grouping chairs around a low, oblong table, which holds a tall lamp supported by a handsome "blackamoor."

The table and flanking chairs are in dark forest-green, which



**BEDROOM.** The soft-toned raspberry wall behind the divan-bed gives warmth and depth to the color scheme of furnishings.



**A GLIMPSE** into the hall from the living-room (above left). Notice the double shadow box above the desk, also one shown at the right in dining area, which was made from an old picture frame with the interior painted forest-green to match the buffet beneath.



is repeated in the mounts surrounding the prints. The lampshade is light raspberry, the armchair yellow, and the other easy chair a soft turquoise-blue, a shade darker than the carpet.

Expenditure on the furnishing of the flat was not lavish. The pleasing effect was achieved by good design in color and arrangement.

"**STANHILL**," the modern block of flats in Queen's Road Melbourne, where Mr. and Mrs. David Martin live.

## 4 fascinating new nylon colors come to town

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**HOT SPINACH** is an appetising filling for rolled pancakes. Served with a cheese sauce they are wholesome fare for either luncheon or dinner.

**FROSTED** with meringue and topped with shredded almonds, malted almond chocolate cake (right) is a delicious addition to the tea table.



## Special cake wins £5

● Malted milk, toasted almonds, and cocoa make the rich flavor in the almond-iced chocolate cake which wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

**TOPPED** with meringue and shredded almonds, this cake will be popular for special occasions.

An appetising meat crust pie and spinach-filled pancakes served with a cheese cream sauce win consolation prizes. Both dishes will make tempting variations to luncheon or dinner menus.

Another prize-winner is a quick pudding using stale cake crumbs.

All spoon measurements are level.

### MALTED ALMOND CHOCOLATE CAKE

Half cup butter or other shortening, 1 cup castor sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 3 dessertspoons brown sugar, 1 cup malted milk (2 teaspoons malted milk powder mixed with 1 cup milk), 1 1/4 cups self-raising flour, 1/4 tea-

spoon salt, extra 1-3rd cup malted milk, 1/2 cup chopped, blanched, and toasted almonds.

**Frosting:** Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 1/2 teaspoon almond essence, 4 tablespoons sugar, shredded blanched almonds.

Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Mix cocoa and brown sugar to a smooth paste with 1/4 cup of the malted milk, beat into egg mixture until well blended. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with extra malted milk and chopped almonds. Turn into greased ring-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes. Cool. Prepare frosting.

**Frosting:** Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add sugar and beat until sugar is dissolved. Flavor with almond essence. Spread over cake, stick with shredded almonds. Return to very mod-

erate oven until frosting is set and lightly browned.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Anderson, 214 James St., New Farm, Qld.**

### SAVORY PANCAKES WITH CHEESE CREAM SAUCE

Four ounces flour, 1/2 pint milk, 1 egg, pinch salt, fat or oil for frying, 1 teaspoon grated onion or small pinch mixed dried herbs, 1 bunch spinach, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt, make a well in centre. Drop in whole egg, gradually stir in a little flour. Add half the milk and continue to stir from the centre until all flour is absorbed. Beat until smooth. Stir in onion or herbs, then balance of milk; stand 1 hour. Heat fat or oil in pan, pour in sufficient batter to thinly cover bottom. Cook over gentle heat until set and lightly browned underneath. Toss or turn, brown other side.

Flavor hot cooked spinach with lemon juice. Fill each pancake as it is cooked with the spinach and roll up. Keep hot. Cook remaining batter in same way. Serve with cheese cream sauce, garnish with parsley and lemon.

**Cheese Cream Sauce:** Melt 1 dessertspoon shortening, add 2 dessertspoons flour. Cook gently without browning 2 to 3 minutes. Add 1/2 cup milk, stir until boiling. Fold in 3 tablespoons grated cheese, season with salt and pepper.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Harding, 45 Goodland Ave., Thornleigh, N.S.W.**

### MEAT CRUST PIE

One pound minced steak, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 1/2 cups diced cooked vegetables, 1 cup white sauce, 2 or 3 tablespoons grated cheese.

Combine steak, onion, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper and parsley. Add Worcestershire sauce, tomato sauce, and milk; mix well. Press into greased 8in. tart-plate or sandwich-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 15 minutes. Combine vegetables and white sauce, season with salt and pepper. Fill into meat-case. Top with grated cheese, return to oven, cook further 20 to 25 minutes. Garnish with parsley; serve hot.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Evans, 5 Smith St., Hampton, S7, Melbourne.**

### PEAR AND APPLE CRISP

Four cooking apples, grated rind and juice of 1 orange, 2 pears, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 to 3/4 cup cake crumbs, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, two tablespoons chopped nuts.

Peel and core apples, slice very thinly. Prepare pears in the same way. Place both in greased ovenware dish with orange and lemon rind and orange juice. Sprinkle with sugar. Mix cake crumbs and brown sugar. Sprinkle over top of fruit, dot with butter or margarine. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 45 minutes. Serve with custard or cream.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Dickinson, 140 Islington Street, Collingwood, Vic.**

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The revised and enlarged third edition of "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Price 8/6, plus postage.

Note: Names and addresses should be written clearly in block letters.



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LET'S HAVE

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## MAXAM

**PACKET CHEESE**

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### SOME TASTY FILLINGS

Maxam cheese makes a tasty combination with almost anything; here are a few ideas —

Chopped bacon and salad dressing; sliced Maxam and gherkins.

Grated Maxam and sliced onion.

Apricot jam and sliced Maxam (children love it).

Grated Maxam, chopped sweet pickle and mayonnaise.

Sliced onions, tomatoes and grated Maxam.

Shredded Maxam with chopped preserved ginger.

Sliced Maxam, tomatoes, chopped bacon.

Creamed Maxam, blended with tomato sauce.

Sliced Maxam and hard boiled egg.

Sliced cooked sausage; shredded Maxam; chutney.

For extra flavouring, salt, pepper, mustard, cayenne, paprika, herbs, sauces, chopped peppers, olives, can be used to taste.

Try frying your Sandwiches instead of toasting them for a change—nice!





# Simple dinners

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

Flavoring and serving tricks give fresh interest to simple recipes and transform old favorites into new and interesting fare.

**M**ENUS suggested on this page are all based on simple, everyday dishes, but slight changes in preparation, flavoring, and serving make them different.

It is a good idea to vary the usual dinner routine sometimes by omitting the sweet and starting the meal with a fresh fruit cocktail and light fish appetiser as suggested in Menu 3 on this page.

All spoon measurements are level.

## MENU 1.

(See color photograph.)

Stuffed meat roll.

Baked pumpkin and potatoes.

Cabbage Mexicana. Orange ginger pudding, Coffee.

## STUFFED MEAT ROLL

One and a half pounds topside steak,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. veal steak, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon good shortening,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, pinch pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg-yolk, 1 or 2 table-spoons milk.

Stuffing: One cup mashed cooked parsnip,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mashed cooked potato, 1 dessertspoon each chopped parsley and chives,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sausage-meat, salt and pepper.

Chop onion, fry until very lightly browned in melted shortening, drain. Trim both quantities of steak, put through mincer. Mix with onion, salt, pepper, breadcrumbs, and egg-yolk. Moisten further with milk if necessary. Mix thoroughly, turn on to waxed paper and press out to an oblong shape about 14 in. x 10 in. Combine all stuffing ingredients in the order listed, mix well. Spread over meat. Carefully roll up like a swiss-roll. Lift roll into baking-dish with hot fat barely  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 1½ to 2 hours, basting frequently. Place prepared potatoes and pumpkin around meat, allowing about 45 minutes cooking time. Serve roll hot with brown gravy.

## CABBAGE MEXICANA

Half cup water, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped red pepper, nut of butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  medium-sized cabbage, finely shredded.

Place water, onion, red pepper, butter, sugar, salt, and cayenne pepper into a large saucepan. Add shredded cabbage. Cover closely, cook over low heat 8 to 10 minutes or until all water is evaporated. Shake pan frequently to prevent sticking. Toss lightly to mix.

## ORANGE GINGER PUDDING

One cup self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1-3rd cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons melted margarine or butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar, grated rind of 1 orange,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup orange juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 tablespoon golden syrup.

Sift flour, salt, and ginger. Add sugar, then milk, vanilla, and melted shortening. Mix until smooth. Turn into greased oven-ware dish. Top with walnuts, brown sugar, and grated orange rind. Combine orange juice, water, and golden syrup. Heat until well mixed. Pour over pudding, completely covering top. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 50 to 55 minutes. Serve at once. A rich orange-ginger sauce will be found under the cake mixture on top.

## MENU 2.

Veal timbales with Spanish sauce.

Diced carrot and peas.

Potato-parsnip croquettes.

Baked apples and custard.

Coffee.

## VEAL TIMBALES WITH SPANISH SAUCE

Two dessertspoons good shortening, 3 dessertspoons flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups meat or vegetable stock or milk, 1 egg, 1 small grated onion, 2 cups minced cooked veal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cooked peas, 2 tablespoons grated carrot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 rasher chopped cooked bacon.

Melt shortening, add flour, cook 3 minutes. Stir in stock, stir until boiling. Add beaten egg, onion, meat, peas, carrot, parsley, sauce, bacon. Turn into greased ramekin dishes, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes. Turn out and serve hot with Spanish sauce.

Spanish Sauce: One tablespoon fat, 1 small chopped onion, 1 diced carrot, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon chilli sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water.

Melt fat, add vegetables, and cook until browned. Stir in sugar, flour, salt, chilli sauce, tomato juice, and water. Stir until boiling, simmer gently 5 minutes.

## POTATO-PARSNIP CROQUETTES

One cup mashed cooked parsnip, 1 cup mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon powdered milk, small quantity flour.

Combine all ingredients except flour, beat with wooden spoon until very smooth and creamy. Allow to become quite cold. Roll into balls, coat lightly with flour, deep-fry golden brown. Serve hot.

**TOPSIDE STEAK**, minced and extended with sausage meat, makes a satisfying stuffed meat roll topped with bacon. Baked potatoes and pumpkin and cabbage Mexicana are served with meat. An unusual orange-and-ginger pudding completes the menu.

## MENU 3.

Orange mint cocktail.

Fish au gratin.

Crumbed cutlets with brown gravy.

Potato straws, carrot slices, spinach.

Coffee.

## ORANGE MINT COCKTAIL

Wash and dry fruit. Peel with sharp knife, carefully remove as much white pith as possible. Cut into segments, removing seeds, if any. Place in shallow dish, sprinkle with castor sugar and chopped mint. Chill 1 hour. Arrange orange segments on baby lettuce leaves, spoon some of the minted syrup over, garnish with mint sprigs.

## FISH AU GRATIN

Two dessertspoons butter, 3 dessertspoons flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice (or more according to taste),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon grated or scraped onion or onion juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups flaked cooked fish (or tinned fish), 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, soft breadcrumbs, parsley to garnish.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, salt, and cayenne; continue stirring until boiling. Fold in lemon juice, cheese, onion, fish, and sauce. Turn into 4 greased scallop shells or ramekin dishes, top with crumbs. Bake in moderate oven until lightly browned on top. Garnish with parsley, serve with Melba toast, thin toast fingers, or rolled bread and butter.





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will tell you...*

"Some teeth are lost through decay...  
but **EVEN MORE** through  
gum troubles."



## **S.R. Toothpaste** does much more than help stop decay— **IT PROTECTS YOUR GUMS**

It is not enough to use a toothpaste or powder that merely helps stop decay. Your gums must be protected, too. S.R. Toothpaste is especially prepared both to help stop decay and protect your gums. S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, an ingredient often used for the treatment of unhealthy gums. For sparkling teeth in firm, healthy gums, use S.R. Toothpaste.



CARES FOR GUMS, HELPS STOP DECAY... S.R. WORKS THE DOUBLE WAY

SR.49 WW122g

## **ALL SELF-RAISING FLOUR**



**RISES TO THE OCCASION — PERFECTLY**

No. 898.—Two guest towels. The towels are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on sheer Irish linen. Color choice includes cream, white, blue, lemon, and pink. Also obtainable in British cotton in lemon, blue, pink, and green. The towels measure 17in. x 24in. To make, turn in a narrow hem around all raw edges and add lace edging. The lace is not supplied. Prices: Irish linen, 6/9 each, or set of two 13/6; British cotton, 4/11 each, or set of two 9/6.

## **NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS**

No. 899.—Supper cloth and matching serviettes. The cloth is clearly traced ready to embroider in a pretty cottage design on Irish linen, obtainable in cream or white. The cloth measures 36in. x 36in., price, 16/6; serviettes 11in. x 11in., price, 1/6 each. Also available in white Irish linen, size 34in. x 54in., price, 38/6. Lace edging is not supplied.

No. 900.—Small girl's sundress is cut out ready to make in a printed haircord in a small floral design in lemon, pink, blue, and rose, on a white ground. Braid trim not supplied. Sizes: Length, 18in. for 2 years, price, 13/11; 20in. for 4 years, price, 14/9; 23in. for 6 years, price, 15/11; and 27in. for 8 years, price, 16/11.

No. 901.—One-piece dress. A pretty style for a one-piece obtainable cut out ready to make in British printed cotton. Color choice includes navy and white, green and white, and sage-blue and white. Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, price, 32/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, price, 33/11.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 4/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (any prices) to address given below.

### *Fashion* **PATTERNS**

**PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS**  
F6605.—Beginners' pattern for a tailored no-sleeve blouse. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/9.

**F6563** — A pretty house-frock with a large frilled collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, plus 2yds. 1in. edging. Price, 2/9.

**F6603** — Slim, sleeveless one-piece with button front fastening. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/9.

**F6553** — Cool one-piece has unusual shaped neckline and tiny sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

**F6604** — Dress featuring new capelet collar line and gracefully gathered skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/9.

**F6606** — Simple flattering lines for a spring-into-summer one-piece. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

**F6605** — Dress featuring new capelet collar line and gracefully gathered skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/9.

**PATTERNS** may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 60 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should send orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 406, G.P.O., Auckland.



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**GENUINE PINK**

**POWDERS & TABLETS**



A woman with short brown hair is wearing a blue dress with white lace and a white belt. She is holding a white clutch bag and looking towards the viewer. The background is a green field with white flowers.

# IT'S A "Sparva" SPRING!

A blue butterfly with pink and white markings on its wings is perched on a pink flower. The background is a green field with white flowers.

It's a "Sparva" Spring because ladies prefer "Sparva".  
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Why?... well, it's fadeless, crease-resisting, and fully guaranteed.

You'll love the new season's designs,

in breathtaking colours to match your gayest Spring mood.

They're wonderful value and fully guaranteed.

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